

No.



TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR.

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SEPTEMBER, 1888.

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The Pan-Anglican Conference.

THE results of the Pan-Anglican Conference are very instructive to the student of the History of Religion. In itself the assembly of a number of respectable Anglican dignitaries, and their allies from various quarters of the globe, has no special interest for the Catholic. But the fruits of their assembly, in the shape of the Encyclical letter, the various Resolutions, and the Reports of Committees, are well worth a careful examination. There is also something very remarkable in the attitude of the Anglican newspapers towards it, and in the protest of one of the Bishops against any share in the document which was supposed to express their collective wisdom, and to have received their unanimous consent.

The Conference was ushered in with a great flourish of trumpets. The advent of prelates from all corners of the globe was to represent the truly Catholic character of Anglicanism. The pomp and circumstance that attended their meetings could not fail to make an impression on the world. Their wealth and power was an undeniable fact. The firm hold of the Anglican Church on the educated classes in England (and in a modified degree in America and the colonies also), and her undisputed pre-eminence at the English Universities marked her intellectual superiority to all other forms of religion. The claim of the Anglican Church to an unrivalled comprehensiveness, and to a liberal tolerance of opinions the most divergent, brought out her Catholicity under another aspect. The increased activity of her pastors, especially in her large cities, the development of her ritual, the new churches built, the new districts formed, the advance of missionary enterprise in heathen lands, all proved that Anglicanism had awakened from her period of lethargy, and was going on conquering and to conquer with ever-increasing life and vigour. And now her prelates, men of light and leading—one hundred forty and five—met together to show how it was not to the Roman Church alone that it was given to issue

Encyclicals and frame decrees. The Reformed Church of England was to give evidence to the world that she, too, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, could give evidence of the reality of her faith, and of that true development which consisted, not in the "unlawful imposition on her adherents of new dogmas," but in the reassertion of the primitive faith once committed to the saints, and in the passing of decrees in matters of practice suited to the want of the age and the dangers and difficulties of the present day.

It was with this object, and with these foregoing advantages, that the Lambeth Conference of 1888 was held. Note, first of all, that it modestly termed itself a *Conference*—not a Council, not a Synod, not even a Conciliabulum (the name, as our readers are aware, for those gatherings of prelates held in opposition to the Roman Pontiff, and therefore very suitable to the Lambeth assembly), but a Conference. Modestly indeed, and prudently, was the name selected. For a conference of itself betokens a meeting which disclaims any dogmatic authority. It is a name indicating an assembly to talk over matters of common interest, and which either will not or cannot issue anything more than suggestions or recommendations, unless indeed it consists of men entrusted with full powers to act on the part of the Governments they represent. Except in this case, a conference is an assembly either preliminary, and which is to lead to subsequent legislation, if the bodies which have the power to legislate adopt its resolutions, or one which is intended for mere discussion and nothing more, for ventilation of divergent opinions. We imagine that the former was the idea of the assembled prelates, if any definite idea at all existed in their minds as to the object of their meeting, and they were not in the condition of the tumultuous assembly at Ephesus, the greater part of which had no sort of knowledge why they had come together. But we will do them all the justice we can. We will suppose that they had a definite programme, consisting of two parts: of advice to be given to the Anglican clergy and the faithful at large, and of resolutions intended to lead to legislative changes. These latter would necessarily have to be submitted to the Head of the Anglican Church on earth, and to her legal advisers, the faithful Lords and Commons of the realm, before they could come into effect. The learned men met together in council were well aware that they could not stir a finger in carrying into effect any modification of doctrine or of the usages of the

Establishment without the consent of the Queen in Parliament, and we see the influence of this conviction throughout the documents that issued from them.

For nearly a month the prelates of Anglicanism held their sessions, and the result is the Encyclical letter of 1888, with its accompanying Resolutions and Reports. The Encyclical letter, we are told, was passed unanimously, the Resolutions (we suppose) were, except in the cases specified, also passed unanimously. The Reports of Committees only represent the mind of the whole Conference so far as they are re-affirmed or directly adopted in the Resolutions. In one or two cases there is indeed a direct opposition between the Report of the Committee and the decision of the whole Conference. We must, therefore, centre our remarks directly on the latter. It is a most moderate and, from one point of view, a most prudent document. We naturally look at it as putting before us Anglicanism at its best. The great object of the prelates was to show how much there was common to all the so-called parties of Anglicanism, and how they could, in spite of minor differences, work in harmony for the common end they had in view, the glory of God and the salvation of souls. They were mostly cultivated men, some of them men of solid learning, the large majority highly educated and of ability far above the average. We have, therefore, a right to look for some remarkable results from their careful and serious deliberations.

The Encyclical letter is generally unexceptionable. It commences, oddly enough, with a strong recommendation of Temperance. It justly says that "the evil effects of intemperance on the life of the nation can scarcely be exaggerated." Yet, while approving of total abstinence as a means to an end, it warns the faithful against those who condemn the use of wine as wrong in itself, and pronounces such a principle to be a false one. It further expresses its disapproval of a reported practice of substituting some other liquid for wine in the celebration of Holy Communion.

Our first thought on reading this paragraph and the Report of the Committee which gave rise to it, is a painful sense of its utter absence of any power to check the evil which it denounces. It altogether sets aside the strong recommendation of total abstinence contained in the Report of the Committee on the subject, over which the Bishop of London was President. In this it may or may not be right; but, at all events, it throws

away the only weapon which those outside the Church have at their disposal. What possible effect can come of the pious denunciation of intemperance on the part of a number of respectable elderly gentlemen who have, we imagine, no temptation to be intemperate? Will the result of their deliberations be one drunkard the less? or one sin of drunkenness the less? or even one glass of beer or spirits the less, for all their "earnest hopes that the efforts made to suppress intemperance may be increased manifold?" Would to God it were so; but without the sacraments, what chance is there of reclaiming the intemperate? what source of strength sufficient to meet the weakness of will engendered by indulgence and the craving that habit produces?

But the concluding words of the paragraph deserve special notice. The Conference "disapproves" the substitution of other liquid for wine in their Communion Service. This sentence alone contains in itself a complete refutation of the claim of Anglicanism to the name of Catholic. It is an emphatic declaration of its inherent Protestantism, of its disbelief in the doctrine of the Real Presence. If these prelates, or indeed any of them, had believed that at the words of the Anglican clergyman the wine is changed into the Blood of Jesus Christ, and that this change takes place only if it is wine, and not if the liquid present in the chalice is any other liquid whatever, could they have been contented with this mild and feeble "disapproval" of a practice which destroys the very nature of the Sacrament? In the face of their words we are forced to the conclusion that they one and all dismiss the literal interpretation of our Lord's words, "This is My Blood." If they believed that a certain change is necessary to a valid Sacrament, and that wine and wine only is capable of the change, how utterly different their language would have been! They would have denounced such a practice with the most vehement indignation. They would have pointed out its fatal consequences. They would have threatened offenders with whatever penalties they, the Bishops of the Establishment, could inflict. No, not a word of all this, only a very gentle "disapproval." Observe, moreover, that they speak of *wine*, not the *juice of the grape*. Every Catholic knows that if the wine is not grape-wine, our Lord's Blood is not there. Gooseberry-wine, elder-wine, ginger-wine, any manufactured decoction, is fatal to the Sacrament. In an article on the Conference, the *Echo* points out the common use

of ordinary port wine as communion wine, and reminds the Bishops that this, as a rule, is perfectly innocent or mainly innocent of any juice of the grape. The absence of any consciousness of danger in this respect, or of any warning against so-called wines which do not even profess to be the juice of the grape, is a complete refutation of any shadow of Catholic belief respecting the Eucharist in those one hundred and forty-five rulers of Anglicanism.

From intemperance they pass on to impurity. Here, too, they speak those beautiful generalities in which Anglicanism delights.

We believe that nothing short of general action by all Christian people will avail to arrest the evil : we call upon you to rally round the standard of a high and pure morality ; and we appeal to all whom our voice may reach to assist us in raising the tone of public opinion. (p 9).

What possible good can these fine phrases do? these empty sounds wasted on the air, attempts to remedy the evil by words that cost little and will effect nothing. The recommendations of the Committee were not much better. After a series of excellent declarations, all that they tell us is that we may "profitably deliberate" on such questions as the following :

How best to bring about a general reformation of manners, and to enforce a higher moral tone in the matter of purity.

How especially to guard the sanctity of marriage, and to create a healthier public opinion upon the subject, and, to this end, how best to make the celebration of Holy Matrimony as reverent and impressive as possible.

How most wisely to deal with this difficult and delicate question as regards our children, our homes, our schools, and other places of education. (p. 41.)

And so on. But we should like to know what fruit will come from these profitable deliberations. Will one child more be kept innocent, or one sinner turned back from sin? Once more we say, Would to God we could think it were so!

But we must not wrong the good prelates who form the Committee, nor their venerable Chairman, the Bishop of Durham. They, the Bishops of the Committee, determine to confer with the clergy and faithful laity of their several dioceses as to the wisest steps to be taken to meet the growing evil. Conferences, and more conferences, and all to end in smoke. If only into these conferences a single Catholic priest would be admitted, he would

be able to give them a few hints worth all the collective wisdom of all the Anglicans in the world. He would tell them that the only possible means of keeping the young innocent is the confessional, that the only possible means of keeping marriage of men and women pure is frequent Communion, that the only possible means of maintaining the sanctity of marriage is to restore to it the dignity of a sacrament, and to obey our Lord's command, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." How can you expect to keep your children pure if you neglect the means instituted by Christ Himself? How can you expect young men to subdue their bodies unless those bodies are fed with the Bread of Angels? How can you expect husband to be faithful to wife, or wife to husband, as long as they regard their union as a dissoluble partnership? Till then youthful innocence will continue to give place more and more to youthful corruption. In spite of all your beautiful advice, men and women will indulge their passions just as they did before, the sacred obligations of the marriage tie will continue to fade away as they have been doing ever since the Reformation, in the minds of those outside the Church.

We need not dwell on the compromise respecting the treatment of divorced persons. The Anglican prelates consider that a distinction may be drawn between the innocent and the guilty party. The latter are "not to be regarded as fit recipients of the blessing of the Church on their marriage during the lifetime of the innocent party." Observe, the Anglican clergy are not forbidden to marry the unfaithful spouse to another partner. The prelates are well aware that the State would have a word to say if they were to issue any such injunction. They content themselves with a statement of their opinion as to what ought to be the course pursued, a mere bit of advice to be followed or not as the clergyman may, in the enjoyment of his Christian liberty, think best.

In the case of the innocent party they are far more gentle. They recommend that the Sacrament, and other privileges of the Church, whatever that may mean, should not be refused to those who, under civil sanction, are married a second time. The Conference does not say a word as to the instructions to be issued to the clergy, as to whether one of these privileges of the Church to be extended to them is the second marriage itself. We are not told whether they are to perform it or not; but in the Report of the Committee a recommendation is given that,

where the laws of the land permit, it should be left to the Bishop of the diocese to determine how they are to act. In other words, the question of a second marriage during the lifetime of husband or wife, is a matter of ecclesiastical discipline, not of right or wrong. They do not regard it as forbidden by the law of Christ, else no Bishop could in conscience sanction it. The curious thing is that the episcopal decision is to be against such marriages only if thereby he does not run counter to the law of the land. Where clergymen are liable to go to prison for refusing to marry divorced persons, the Bishop is to tell them that, whatever be their own opinions in the matter, they are to obey the State. Even if the Bishop himself regards such marriages as unlawful, still he is not to oppose them or to allow his clergy to do so, if it would get them into trouble. However firmly they may be convinced that the law of Christ and of the Church from the beginning forbids these adulterous unions, they are to sink their scruples and bow before the supreme authority of their lord the State. If this is not slavery (gilded though the chains may be), we should like to know what is.

We pass over the hesitating and uncertain recommendations respecting the treatment of polygamists who desire to join the Anglican Church in heathen and Mahometan countries. Polygamists are not to be baptized, but the wives of polygamists may. This corresponds to the compromise respecting divorce, the husband to the guilty party, the wife to the innocent one. The division of opinion in the Conference on this point is what we naturally look for where there is no settled conviction as to the law of Christ respecting marriage.

On the question of the observance of Sunday we observe a dash of the spirit of Puritanism, but beyond this there is nothing worthy of remark. But the Report on Socialism is very interesting, and one which in almost every respect we thoroughly admire. The reason of this marked superiority is that, as social questions do not necessarily involve considerations belonging to the supernatural order, the Anglican prelates are not hampered as they are on religious questions by the untenable religious position of the Establishment. They can speak and act freely on a question which those who belong to every form of religion can discuss without their own peculiar tenets being necessarily introduced. The sterling natural common sense of English and American character comes out in the manly and considerate Report, which is quite a model of prudence and moderation, and

shows a thorough sympathy with all that is good in socialism, while denouncing its extravagancies and errors. The Anglican clergy are encouraged to undertake the task of social reformers, to encourage co-operation, to push forward technical education, to try and induce employers to give their workmen a share in their profits, and to do all they can to forward in their parishes thrift and economy. This is excellent work, and just the work by which many an energetic Anglican clergyman does a great deal of good to his parishioners and furthers the cause of sound morality. In this Report, indeed, we see the best side of Anglicanism. At the same time we must remember that it is natural morality that it seeks to uphold, and that there is nothing distinctively Christian in the work that the Conference suggests to the clergy of the Establishment. Much the same may be said of the Report on the care of Emigrants, which calls for no special remark.

The most important part of the work of the Conference is that which relates to the question of the Reunion of Anglicanism with other religious bodies. It falls under several heads:

1. Reunion with Dissenters of various kinds, or Home Reunion.
2. Foreign Reunion—
 - (1) With Scandinavian Churches.
 - (2) With Old Catholics.
 - (3) With the "Reformed" Churches of France, Italy, and Spain.
 - (4) With the Eastern Churches.

The question of friendly relations to be entered into by Anglicans with Dissenters is one of much interest to Catholics, as it indirectly affects the prospects of the Church in England. The Resolution passed by the Conference proposes a series of articles as a basis, not for Reunion, but "on which approach may be made, by God's blessing, towards Home Reunion."

The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, as "containing all things necessary to salvation," and as being the rule and ultimate standard of faith.

The Apostles' Creed, as the Baptismal Symbol; and the Nicene Creed, as the sufficient statement of the Christian faith.

The two Sacraments ordained by Christ Himself—Baptism and the Supper of the Lord—ministered with unfailing use of Christ's words of Institution, and the elements ordained by Him.

The Historic Episcopate, locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and peoples called of God into the Unity of His Church. (pp. 24, 25.)

We are not told whether these Resolutions passed unanimously, and it does not matter much whether it was so or not. It appears that there was a strong party in the Conference who desired to go much further than the majority would approve, and who pressed for "the public and official recognition by the Church of non-Episcopal Orders." Such a proposal is a new departure in the Anglican camp. The *Guardian* discusses it with unmistakeable dismay. It fears that it will some day be adopted. "Though for the moment," says the representative journal of moderate Anglicanism, "it finds no favour, it is not likely to be forgotten or abandoned; it is too much in accordance with tendencies and ideas that powerfully effect our time; it seems to promise to make some things easy that are difficult, even to guard some things that are in peril; many will think it a light sacrifice; many more will see in it the notes of liberality, charity, and a statesmanlike breadth of view. But we ought all to understand that, if it were seriously listened to, things would never be in the English Church as they have been."¹

This proposal has been seriously listened to, and though it is yet far from being carried into effect, yet the very fact of its being listened to will affect not a little the future of Anglicanism. The *Guardian* goes on to say that Dissenters themselves do not desire this intercommunion with Anglicans, and that their ministers are perfectly satisfied with their own position and their own ordination, non-episcopal though it be. All this is perfectly true, but nevertheless the very fact that a large number of Anglican Bishops wish to see the barrier broken down, or rather do not admit the existence of a barrier, is a fact of most telling significance. In the first place, it is complete rejection of any sort of sacerdotalism. Those who hold this view cannot attribute to the rite of ordination anything beyond the setting apart of a certain number of men for a particular office. The Anglican clergyman has no specific "character," nothing indelible in the Orders he receives. The House of Commons long ago adopted this view, in the Bill for the Relief of Clerical Disabilities, but it is something new to find it rife among the Bishops themselves. It is a crushing blow to the High Church party. None of the Bishops who favour the claims of non-Anglican ministers, when they lay their hands on the heads of the candidates for ordination, can have the intention of making them "priests" or of conferring upon them any mysterious or

¹ *Guardian*, Leading Article, August 15, 1888.

supernatural powers. The words of the ordaining Bishop, "Receive thou the Holy Ghost," bestows upon the Anglican clergyman nothing that is not bestowed by the prayer offered by the Wesleyan dignitary in behalf of the Wesleyan minister. In fact, the Bishop is no more essential to the rite of ordination in the Church of England than is the Anglican minister to the rite of marriage. If in the one case the presence of the minister merely bestows a blessing which otherwise would be absent, there is no reason why in the other the Bishop should have an exclusive claim to be intermediary of clerical ordination. After this, what becomes of the Catholic position of the Church of England? But Anglicans may answer that the evil day has not yet arrived, that at present the equalization, by the authority of the Anglican Episcopate, of Anglican clergymen and Dissenting ministers is but an evil threatening in the distance. At all events, it has now come within measureable distance, and this is a most important and ominous fact for Anglicanism.

There is, however, a more important consequence which will begin to make itself felt at once. This holding out of the hand of fellowship to Dissenters will not be at all welcomed by them as an act of generous liberality and a desire to do them justice. They will take, and are taking, a very different view. They will laugh at the longing desire expressed in the Conference "to embrace those now alienated from us, so that the ideal of the one flock under the one shepherd may be realized." When the Bishops acknowledge their "real religious work and the visible blessing vouchsafed to their labours," we fear that the separated bodies will answer, "Thank you for nothing." They have no wish to be received into the bosom of Anglicanism. They have a method of government which they very much prefer to that Bishops, and they are not hampered by State control. But though they will not be attracted by the tempting voice, they will listen to it with no little satisfaction. They will regard it as a distinct sign of weakness in the historic body that has so long excluded and oppressed them. Mr. Spurgeon will regard it as the fulfilment of a prophecy he uttered more than thirty years ago in a sermon which pronounced the coming doom of the city, described by him as not the city of God. The ablest of the Dissenters see clearly that, if sacerdotalism is true, if there is an organized hierarchy in the Church of God under a visible head, if there are priests with the power of forgiving sins and bishops who can confer an indelible stamp or character in ordination, all this is

to be found in the Roman Church, not in the Establishment. There is a story of a Jewish rabbi walking in the company of a Catholic priest and an Anglican clergyman. The two Christian ministers were disputing on religion, and the Anglican appealed to the Jew. The rabbi is said to have answered him thus: "If the Messiah has not come, I am right; if the Messiah has come, this gentleman (pointing to the priest) is right; but you, sir, are right in neither case." In the same way educated Dissenters, in spite of their hostility to Rome, will generally acknowledge that if sacerdotalism is a reality, the Catholic Church is right; if it is an unreality, they themselves are right; but Anglicanism in neither case.

With this feeling they are not likely to be drawn into the Anglican fold, but they will at the same time be strengthened not a little by the new proposals of friendship. If we are your equals, they will rightly and reasonably say, if the difference between us is not essential, but accidental, if many even of your Bishops, so far from claiming to belong to a different sphere and to possess mysterious powers unknown to us, are of opinion that you and we are "much of a muchness," differing only in minor points of doctrine and discipline, how can you in conscience refuse us a share in your endowments and your privileges? The whole body of political Dissenters will pluck up courage and renew the war which has slumbered of late. They will march on the stronghold of Anglicanism with advantages they have never possessed before. Now they have friends in the citadel. When they cry out for Disestablishment and Disendowment they will have a plea of justice based on their substantial identity (recognized too by many Anglican prelates) with the body which excludes them. America, freed as it is from the ties of Establishment, leads the way in seeking for a union on "the basis of a common Faith and Order." The American Bishops first proposed, and now, in imitation of them, the Committee of Anglican Prelates recommend, and the whole Conference in its Resolution agrees, that though the historic Episcopate is to be maintained, it is to be "locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of nations and peoples." This, if it means anything, must mean that presbyters and elders are to take the place of bishops where it is convenient. If once this be done, how can the Anglican body refuse to share her princely revenues with those whose labours for Christ's sake have such a visible blessing?

From Home Reunion the assembled prelates pass on to the question of Reunion with the Reformed Churches in other countries. To the Swedish Church they hold out the right hand of fellowship. Respecting the Norwegian and Danish Churches they use more hesitating language, on account of the doubtful "constitution of their ministry." Next they come to the "Old Catholics," by which they mean those members of foreign Churches who have been excommunicated by reason of their refusal to submit to the Pope, or (as the Conference delicately puts it) "to accept the novel doctrines promulgated by the authority of the Church of Rome." Not to these alone, but to every rebel against constituted authority in Catholic countries, the prelates assembled declare that all sympathy is due "in the endeavour to free themselves from the yoke of error and superstition." Whether in Germany, Holland, Austria, or Switzerland, it is all the same.

We regard it as a duty [are the words of the resolution passed unanimously] to promote friendly relations with the Old Catholic Community in Germany, and with the "Christian Catholic Church" in Switzerland, not only out of sympathy with them, but also in thankfulness to God who has strengthened them to suffer for the truth under great discouragements, difficulties, and temptations; and that we offer them the privileges recommended by the Committee under the conditions specified in its Report. (p. 26.)

The privileges alluded to, as we learn from the Report referred to, are intercessions, support, and brotherly counsel, aid in the training of their future clergy, and admission of their clergy and faithful laity to Holy Communion. To this a sort of apology is appended for the necessity of debarring from Holy Communion those who are not married according to English law. This attempt at an alliance with a miserable and ever dwindling schism on the Continent is a remarkable sign in Anglicanism. It is another of those clearly written indications of her true character. Conscious of her own apostacy, she is eager to throw herself into the arms of any religious body, which will unite revolt from Rome with the respectability of Episcopacy. The strange thing is that those who are loudest in denouncing at home the guilt of deserting the "Church of one's Baptism," are most vehement supporters of and sympathizers with the very men whose only claim to their friendship is that of being guilty of an exactly similar desertion abroad. We mean, of course, that it is similar from their own way of looking at

things, not that in point of fact there is any sort of parallel. To those Anglicans who long after the unity of Christendom there must be something sickening in the approval by their prelates of those who are doing their best to break up Christian unity in every country on the Continent. Well-intentioned Anglicans are often opposed to individual secession, because they regard it as a duty to do nothing that they think will impede Corporate Reunion. They are determined to "stick to the old ship" as long as it is possible to do so. They would rejoice with all their heart if there could be a formal reconciliation between England and Rome. It is the one desire of their hearts, the object of their daily prayers. Now, if anything can convince them of the hopelessness of any Corporate Reunion, and of the consequent duty of individual action, we imagine it would be this formal declaration on the part of the Anglican Bishops—one hundred, forty, and five—of sympathy with all who rebel against Rome simply because they are rebels—because they "endeavour to free themselves from the yoke of error and superstition."

Last of all, the Conference consider the case of the Reformers of Italy, France, Spain, and Portugal. They cannot speak very warmly of them, and in their Resolutions are satisfied with and hope "that they may be enabled to adopt such sound forms of doctrine and discipline, and to secure such Catholic organization as will permit us to give them a fuller recognition."¹

Anglican respectability has to be cautious in dealing with men who in many cases are the very reverse of respectable. The descendants of the Albigenses, Waldenses, and Huguenots are not men to be altogether approved by Anglican prelates, in spite of the common tie of severance from Rome. The Committee, indeed, are more explicit, and declare their sympathy with "the earnest and brave men" who have freed themselves from the burden of unlawful Communion. But the Conference at large shrink, and very properly, from any expression of admiration of such questionable characters as Achilli, Loyson, and Co. Even their "brave and earnest efforts after freedom" will scarcely condone the sacrileges and abominations by which many of such men have distinguished themselves. Even the Protestants by heritage in foreign countries—who are generally Unitarians, or something very like it, and, like the Unitarians at home, often possessed of high cultivation and morally irreproachable—are

¹ P. 27.

too much like some of the religious bodies which in England have cast off the Anglican yoke, to allow of any warm approval of them by the Conference. But still they are advocates of National Churches and of independence of Rome, and this gives them a very strong claim to the friendship and sympathy of the prelates of the Church by law established in England.

A special Committee was appointed to consider the possibility of union with the Eastern Church. After expressing their joy at certainly friendly communications that had passed between prelates of the two Churches, the Encyclical letter announces—not that there is any prospect of union or of intercommunion, or that any articles have been drawn up by which they form a basis of reconciliation, not even that they believe that in the distant future the union is possible, but that they hope that the two Churches may come a little nearer one to the other in course of time.

The Conference expresses its "earnest desire to confirm and to improve friendly relations which now exist between the Churches of the East and the Anglican Communion." The Bishops allow that the light of the Gospel is dim here and there in the East, but they hope to cherish it. They mean to encourage "internal reformation" (whatever this may mean) in the Eastern Churches, and disclaim and denounce proselytism. The prelates forming the Committee on this subject allow that the more intimate relations would be difficult so long as the "Orthodox Church" retains the use of icons (as if the Greeks would give up their beloved Icons!), the invocation of the Saints, and the cultus of the Blessed Virgin; although (they continue) "it is but fair to state that the Greeks, in sanctioning the use of pictorial representations for the sake of promoting devotion, expressly disclaim the sin of idolatry, which they conceive would attach to the bowing down before sculptured or molten images." There is no doubt what the Committee intend to be read here between the lines. If they do not say so in so many words, they unmistakeably imply that Catholic devotion to the crucifix, statues of our Lady and the Saints, &c., *is* idolatry, and that the Church of Rome never disclaims or discountenances this terrible sin; but that the Greeks do not pay any reverence to the image or bow down before it, and so avoid that breach of the First Commandment of which the subjects of the Pope are unhappily guilty.

This unfortunate Committee, with Dr. Harold Browne at its head, is clearly very distinctly anti-Roman, and, moreover,

very ignorant of the elements of Catholic doctrine and practice. It manifests its tendencies in its "thankfulness that in the Greek Church there exist no bars, such as are presented to communion with the Latins by the formulated assertion of the infallibility of the Church residing in the person of the Supreme Pontiff, by the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and other novel dogmas imposed by the decrees of later Councils."¹ And this thankfulness is, we are sorry to say, taken up by the Conference at large in their letter, and the sentence of the Committee incorporated with one or two verbal changes² in their authoritative document. By so doing they manifest the spirit which animates Anglicanism: that it is now, as ever, the sworn foe of the Holy See, that its motto is now, as much as in the persecuting days of Elizabeth and James the First, *No peace with Rome!*

We imagine that it is this desire for more friendly relations with the Greeks which has led to a proposal which is one of the most significant and the most radical of all the recommendations of the Conference. Anglican Prelates have found by experience that every attempt at approximation, every proposal for intercommunion, is met by the Greek Patriarchs with a decided *non possumus*, on the ground of the insertion in the Creed of the *Filioque* clause. Hitherto Anglican Bishops have been very firm on this point, and (we say it to their honour), many a smooth-tongued Greek has been dismissed because on this point he would yield nothing. But now, for the first time in the history of Anglicanism, a resolution is passed by a large majority (fifty-seven to twenty) opening the question by the proposal of a consultation to be held by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with such persons as he may choose, respecting the revision of the English Version of the Nicene Creed. What the intention of the revision is, appears clearly enough from the Report of the Committee.

In relation to the doctrine of the Procession of the Holy Spirit, while we believe that there is no fundamental diversity of faith between the Churches of the East and West, we recognize the historical fact that the clause *Filioque* makes no part of the Nicene Symbol as set forth by the authority of the undivided Church. (p. 107.)

¹ P. 100.

² There is, however, one change which is not merely verbal. The word *novel* is very prudently omitted in the Encyclical letter in reference to the dogmas of the Infallibility of the Holy See and the Immaculate Conception of our Lady.

This is quite true. In the original form of the Nicene Creed the clause was unnecessary, simply because no heretics denied the double procession until some time after its compilation. Like so many other dogmas, it was not explicitly stated till it was explicitly called in question. It was necessary to insert it to vindicate the Catholic doctrine against the Greek Church, just as it was necessary to insist on the Homoousion against the Arians and the title of Theotocos against the Nestorians. To revert to the original form of the Creed would put those who did so in a very different position from that of the original framers. It would be an implicit declaration of heresy. He who omitted it would, *ipso facto*, forfeit any claim to the name of Catholic. He would at once throw in his lot with those who hold a doctrine respecting the Blessed Trinity which is not only false, but heretical. Such a change as this would be a further departure on the part of those who accept it, from the faith once delivered to the Saints.

It is, we imagine, the same loosening of dogma that induces the Conference to resolve to take steps with a view to the revision of the Athanasian Creed. No indication is given of the need or the reason for such a revision in the recommendation of the Committee. We never heard of any objection to the English version of this Creed as a translation (except that the word *firmiter* is omitted in the last clause). We hear so much of the strong objection to what are called the damnatory clauses on the part of many clergymen, that we can scarcely doubt that these are to be modified if the revision takes place, and perhaps the definite statement of the eternity of punishment to be replaced by some ambiguous phrase.

Such are the main issues of the Conference. We will conclude our article by a summary of what seem to us its most prominent tendencies.

First and foremost comes antagonism to Rome. From beginning to end there is an implicit declaration of undying hostility. With every other body they yearn for reunion, but not with Rome. There they draw the line. "From the Pan-Anglican purview" (as the *Times* justly remarks) "Rome is excluded."

Secondly, as the consequence of this, all schemes of Corporate Reunion must be allowed by the most hopeful of "Anglo-Catholics" to be at an end. The only dogmas which the prelates really disclaim are the essentially *Roman*

dogmas. The main difficulty from the Anglican side in the way of union with the Greeks is that they hold to a number of Roman doctrines and practices. Nay, the very ground of the proposal for union is the common revolt from the authority of the Pope, not in the case of the Greeks only, but of all the various sects on the continent that have forsaken the Church of their baptism.

Thirdly, we are strongly impressed with the utter futility of the whole business. We have pointed this out in the case of the Resolutions on Temperance and Purity, but it is equally true of all the proposals for Reunion and Intercommunion. It is all playing at Reunion, all mere make-pretence. The whole Conference is playing at being a deliberative and legislative body.

Fourthly, the complete subordination to the State is manifest throughout. Again and again the Conference guards itself against anything which could possibly encroach on the jurisdiction of the civil power. The only case in which there is any sort of approach to independent action (the revision of the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds), the wording is most careful, so that the tentative and preliminary character of the proposal may not give any offence to the dominant legislature.

Last of all, we must notice how eager the Anglican prelates are to be "comprehensive." They would like to comprehend everybody, from the image-worshipping, saint-invoking Greeks, to the various forms of English Dissent, and those groups of "earnest and devoted men" on the continent, of whom many cannot rightly be called Christians at all. This comprehensiveness cannot be purchased without a sweeping sacrifice of dogma, or rather, it necessarily involves an amount of "equivocation," "unnatural use of words," and double meaning, that will be shocking to the honest Protestant and to every lover of truth.

Yet in spite of their efforts, in spite of their anti-Roman spirit, the results of the Conference seem to be displeasing to the large and influential party in the Church of England of which the Bishop of Liverpool is the most prominent representative. In a letter to the *Times* he disclaims all responsibility for the Encyclical letter or the resolutions passed. He does not approve of it, and "wishes the public to understand that it is not the united or harmonious voice of all the Bishops of the Anglican Communion." In spite of its vagueness and its compromises, in spite of its efforts to be comprehensive, in spite of

its anti-Papal and Protestant spirit, it is not half Protestant enough for one of the most able of the Bishops who sit on the Anglican Bench. He wishes that it had issued "some bold declaration that the Anglican Church would never re-admit the Mass or go beyond the principles of the Reformation, and some proposal to attempt the restoration of godly discipline and the creation of satisfactory ecclesiastical Courts, as well as some reference to the unhappy divisions about the doctrine and ritual of the Lord's Supper, which will certainly bring on the disestablishment and disruption of the Church of England unless they are healed." In other words, he wishes to limit the "comprehensiveness" of Anglicanism by the suppression of the Ritualist party, and enters his solemn protest against the silence of the Encyclical in this respect.

Dr. Ryle is not the only prelate who expresses himself dissatisfied with the results of the Conference. The Bishop of Salisbury, who enjoys the well-deserved respect of all by reason of his high personal character and distinguished scholarship, laments over the absence of any attempt on the part of the Anglican assembly to make friendly overtures to those whom the Bishop of Liverpool regards as deadly foes. Dr. Wordsworth is sorry that there has been no sort of approach to the Roman Catholic Church: not in any corporate capacity, for he knows full well that any such overtures would be rejected by her; but on the part of individuals in the shape of greater frankness and confidence (expecting the same from her members in return), and this by way of asserting the historic position of Anglicanism. This desire of good Bishop Wordsworth we heartily echo. May God grant it! and may the Bishop himself lead the way! But is not this wish of his one which his Brother of Liverpool would detest and anathematize?

A third comment on the Conference comes from one whose sympathies are with the Bishop of Salisbury, but who nevertheless expresses his gratitude to the Bishop of Liverpool for his plain and outspoken expression of his opinion respecting the Encyclical. Dr. Lake is a moderate High Churchman, and a sensible and able man withal. He too regrets any attempt to heal the "unhappy divisions of Anglicanism, and thinks that the Conference might have been more wisely occupied in discussing some practical matter, such as the throwing open of churches, than in fanciful and unreal suggestions to unite the Church of England with the Dutch or Scandinavian, or with

that rather incongruous mixture which is called by the name of Old Catholics."¹

Thus it is that the city of confusion and the home of strife bears unconscious witness to her own true character. Yet it is only what we might have expected. The pomp and splendour of Anglicanism does but cover its inherent weakness. It may glitter in the sun of State patronage, bedecked as it is with gold and silver and the good things of this world. It may counterfeit the appearance of Catholicity, and may be spread wherever the English tongue is spoken. It may send out its zealous emissaries into every country on the face of the earth. Its cathedrals, churches, palaces, may abound in every city of the civilized world. Nay, it may play at Universal Councils and Conferences gathered from every quarter of the globe. But, in spite of all this, it cannot hide its true character. It cannot prevent the continuous disintegration of dogmas within, it cannot prevent the inroad of enemies from without. It may last for long years, nay for centuries, but it is as certainly doomed to perish as was the Queen who was its foster-mother, when, in the pride of her youth, she took her seat on the throne of England. The era of revolt then inaugurated, and first nurtured peaceably under the shadow of the Established Church, has gone on developing and growing strong in its rebellion against authority, until it now begins seriously to threaten the very authority that gave it birth, and which one day will perish at the hand of the serpent of which it is the parent and the nurse.

R. F. C.

¹ Dr. Lake in the course of his letter makes a curious admission. After pointing out that the attempt to open churches for daily prayer always has been and always will be a failure in the Church of England, he adds: "The attempts to do it have been opposed to the habits of the lower and also of most of the upper classes in England, and thus it comes to pass that the Church of Rome, and I believe the Church of Rome alone, is 'essentially the Church of the poor.'" We should like to ask Dr. Lake whether the Church which alone is "essentially the Church of the poor" must not also alone be essentially the Church of Jesus Christ?

Bells and their Origin.

Low at times, and loud at times,
Changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes.—*Longfellow.*

THE earliest mention we have of bells occurs in the Old Testament. There were several small bells of purest gold attached to the robes of Aaron, and worn when engaged in his sacerdotal office. The ancient Greeks and Romans were evidently acquainted with the use of bells. At Athens the priests of Proserpine employed them when inviting the people to the sacrifices. The ringing of bells during eclipses is recorded by Juvenal. Pliny says that bells were used long before his time, and were called *tintinnabula*. Suetonius informs us that Augustus caused one to be hung before the temple of Jupiter. The feast of Osiris is known to have been announced by bells. In Europe, however, bells were not known until about the year A.D. 400, when Paulinus, Bishop of Nola in Campania, cast the first bells for God's service. Hence it is that they derive their Latin name of *Campana*. Venerable Bede, the great ecclesiastical historian and Saxon chronicler, tells us of bells being used in a church in the year A.D. 600. An abbot of Croyland started the ringing of a peal of five bells in or about the year 1000. Pope Sabinian in 604 first ordered that the hours of the day should be proclaimed by striking the bell, in order that the people might attend to the *horæ canonicæ*, the hours set apart for the Divine Office. King Clothair, in the year 610, besieged Sens, when Lupus, Bishop of Orleans, ordered the bells of St. Stephen's to be rung. The sound so terrified Clothair that he relinquished the siege. Bell-founding, like a great many other high and noble pursuits, was superintended and carried on in the monasteries centuries ago. St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, A.D. 988, was a skilled worker in iron and brass. The museums, churches, and libraries bear witness to the unceasing labours of the monks, who once inhabited the now

ivy-covered ruins of the grand old piles scattered throughout our own land. What calumny and ingratitude to speak of those holy men as "drones!" May the day soon dawn when

The bells shall be rung
And the Mass shall be sung

from end to end in once "Merry England."

The blessing or baptism of bells is an ancient and interesting ceremony. The bells about to be blessed are placed in a convenient position in the church. The *Miserere* and other psalms are recited or sung, after which the Bishop washes the bells within and without with a linen cloth previously dipped in Holy Water, the choir in the meantime singing the 145th, 146th, and following psalms; then the bells are anointed with Holy Oil, the choir chanting the antiphon, *Vox Domini super aquas multas*, together with the 28th Psalm, after which the bells are again anointed exteriorly in the form of a cross seven times, and then at four equal intervals with the Oil of "Chrism," the *Oleum Infirmorum* being used prior to this. Incense is then put in the thurible and placed under the bells. The Antiphon, *Deus, in Sancto via tua*, &c., is sung, and certain prayers having been said, the Deacon sings a portion of the Gospel according to St. Luke (ch. x.). The Bishop makes the sign of the Cross on the bells, which ends the ceremony. The custom of naming bells began in the eighth century. In the *Councils of Cologne* it is said: "Let the bells be blessed as the trumpets of the Church Militant by which the people are assembled to hear the Word of God, and the clergy to announce His mercy by day, and His truth in their nocturnal vigils; that by their sound the faithful may be invited to prayer, and that the spirit of devotion in them may be increased." In days of old, to deprive a town of its bells was a sign of degradation. Henry the Fifth removed a bell from Calais, which is still said to be hung in a steeple in his native town, Monmouth. The use of the alarm bell has been for centuries common to continental cities. We are all familiar with the ringing of the "Tocsin" during troublous times in France. Its sound was the signal of civil war at the great French Revolution, the horrors of which are beyond description. The great bell of St. Mark's, Venice, was used for a similar purpose. "Sound your trumpets, and we will ring our bells," was the defiant reply of a Doge of Venice to a German Emperor. The curfew that "tolls the knell of parting day" is still kept up

in many old towns of England, though the obligation it was meant to enforce has past away. We must not forget "the passing bell," which in the good old Catholic days was tolled to remind the passer-by that a soul was about to depart for the dread Judgment Seat, and its deep solemn tone was a warning to him or her that a prayer of propitiation should be offered for the one in the hour of death. In these days it has a meaningless sound to many; its toll is but a mark of respect, or to inform the inhabitants that some one is dead. No *Requiescat* is heard, except perhaps from some solitary follower of the old religion. The large bell of St. Paul's Cathedral is only tolled at the death of a member of the Royal Family.

At Christ Church, Oxford, the bell sounds daily at 9 p.m. as many times as there are students on the foundation. Everybody has heard merry peals of bells from tower and belfry in this country, but few perhaps have had the charming opportunity of listening to the Carillons of foreign towns. We shall never forget our visit to the "quaint old Flemish city" of Bruges, with its splendid chimes which gave rise to Longfellow's beautiful lines as he lay—

In Bruges at the Fleur de Blé,
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that through the night
Rang their changes from the belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

We once heard the liquid notes of these marvellous chimes at the romantic hour of midnight. It was a soft floating melody like the sound of silver bells; its harmonies wafted over the still and silent city, filling the air with heaven-like music, and gradually dying away amidst the stars, "the forget-me-nots of the angels." For a moment we were entranced, and imagined we were in some unearthly and enchanted city; but the chill night breeze soon put an end to our reverie, and quickly brought us back to the land of mortals. We hurried to our hotel to dream of fairy chimes and enchanted cities. These grand and melodious peals are sounded by means of a cylinder on the principle of a barrel-organ, but are sometimes played by keys, like the manual of an organ by a musician. All the tones and semitones are perfect, and the most choice and delicate harmonies can be executed on these bells. Franz Hemony, who lived about the year 1600, must have been a master of bell-founding, for it is to him we owe the colossal peals of Bruges,

Antwerp, Ghent, and Utrecht. In this age, when curiosities of all kinds are so eagerly sought after, a few inscriptions found on old bells may not be uninteresting. A bell in Durham Cathedral has the following :

To call the folks to church in time, I chime ;
When mirth and joy are on the wing, I ring ;
When from the body parts the soul, I toll.

These lines are almost a translation of the Latin inscription on the bell in Longfellow's "Golden Legend" :

Sabbato Pango
Funera Plango
Solemnia Clango.

In Hughenden parish church one of the bells bears this legend, *Ave Maria, Ora pro nobis*. This reminds us of pre-Reformation days, when the *Angelus* bell, so dear to every Catholic heart, was heard in village, town, and city. The *Angelus* bell, so long silent, is once more rung amongst us, and its sound floats over busy towns and cities in many parts of England, and the *Ave Maria* is still on the lips of the faithful few who cling to the religion of our forefathers. In the belfry of a church at Devizes there is a conceited little bell which says—

I am the first, altho' but small
I will be heard above you all.

In the ancient town of Newbury there is a bell named the pan-cake bell, so called through being rung on Shrove Tuesday at four in the morning to tell the good folks that pan-cake time was arrived, and at eight in the evening to warn them of the termination of the feast. An old writer makes mention of this in the following distich :

Hark ! I hear the pan-cake bell,
And fritters make a gallant smell.

A bell is also rung every Saturday in Newbury at three o'clock, which is said to have been originated by the celebrated clothworker Jack of Newbury, who built, or partly built, St. Nicholas' parish church, and who died in 1519. It was supposed to be rung as a summons for the weavers to receive their weekly wages ; but we are more inclined to agree with a learned antiquarian who has just published a History of Newbury, that this custom of ringing the bell each Saturday is a survival of

the "Morrow Mass" bell. A reminiscence of old Catholic England is still observed at Newbury by the ringing of a bell from twelve to one on Shrove Tuesday. Before the Reformation, the people of England in every parish responded to the sound of their parish bell, which was an invitation to confession, as Shrovetide implies. But at the present time this ringing of the bell is merely a relic of bygone times ; nevertheless it points to the fact that our ancestors believed in auricular confession and the Sacrament of Penance. The same historian of Newbury mentioned above, tells us of a remarkable bell at Tadley Parish Church, Berkshire. He says : "Campanology possesses few more remarkable inscriptions than that on the third or tenor bell at Tadley, which is in Lombardic characters, each letter and device being raised upon a separate quadrangular tablet or patura, placed between fillets encompassing the bell. The execution is exceedingly good, without bearing the slightest sign of injury or wear from age. . . . The Tadley bell is thus inscribed :

TKDNAQFKSDLOABIRKM†

The letters pointed to the fourteenth, or early part of the fifteenth century. . . . Numerous and quaint as the devices are on bells of this period, there are few that cannot be read or comprehended ; but the meaning of the strangely mysterious lettering on the bell at Tadley can only be satisfactorily deciphered by those who can penetrate into the depths of monkish lore."

The bellringers of bygone days must have been convivial sort of fellows, judging by the amusing inscriptions on various old jugs belonging to them. The fraternity had a great many laws of its own in case of any one committing a breach of discipline. The offending party generally had to replenish the "jug," which seems to have been a necessary appendage to their laborious duties. An inscription on a jug in the Norwich Museum, dated 1676, is

John Wayman

J. F.

Come, brother, shall we join ?

Give me your twopence—here is mine.

The ringers' jug at Swansea has this couplet :

Come fill me full with liquor sweet, for that is good when friends do meet ;
When I am full, then drink about : I ne'er will fail till all is out.

There is a very ancient earthenware pitcher at Hadleigh, which holds four gallons. What will teetotallers think of the old Hadleigh bellringers? It used to be filled on high days up to late years, and the same old custom may still be extant. It bears on it these doggerel rhymes :

If you love me do not lend me ;
Euse me often and keep me clenly ;
Fill me full or not at all,
If it be strong, and not with small.

The inscriptions in many old belfries are almost as curious and facetious. In the parish church of Andover is the following :

But if that you do swear or curse,
Twelvepence is due, pull out your purse.

I am afraid the old bellringers were not only addicted to strong ale, but also to strong language. In a church at Shaftesbury is the quaint inscription :

In your ringing make no demur,
Pull off your hat, your belt and spur.

These lines refer to gentlemen bellringers who lived in days when hats were of the cavalier type. The invariable fine for wearing hat and spur was a jug of beer, and if all the jugs were like the one at Hadleigh, it is to be feared that very little bellringing could be accomplished after their contents had been exhausted. An inscription in a church in Shropshire runs thus :

If that you ring with spur or hat
A jug of beer must pay for that.

Let us hope that no unruly or thirsty member retained his hat and spurs, in order to make sure of a draught of beer on his own account. Bells, like churches, in olden times were as a rule the outcome of pious donations. In speaking of the devotion and munificence of our Catholic ancestors towards God's house, we cannot refrain from relating a fact which took place but a few years ago. In a quiet little village about one hundred and sixteen miles from London, a certain Anglican clergyman built at his own cost a beautiful Gothic church for his parishioners, but soon after its completion the founder had the grace and happiness of entering the one true fold. The church designed for Protestant worship now became a true

tabernacle for the Holy of Holies. Surely the old adage, *L'homme propose et Dieu dispose*, was fully verified. There dwelt in the same village a humble working man who longed to have a peal of bells in the empty steeple of his new parish church. He decided to seek his fortune, as many others had done before him, and sailed for the land of the "Golden Fleece." Before wishing adieu to his native village, he made a vow that if God blessed him in his new sphere of labour, he would present a peal of bells to the church so dear to him. After years of hard labour he managed to scrape together a few hundred pounds, and not forgetting his old promise, he returned to his former home. In the meantime no one had forestalled him in his pious desire, and he parted with the bulk of his little fortune, and ordered a peal of bells for his cherished church costing £800. We had the privilege of being present at the blessing of those bells, and the remembrance of the whole ceremony is yet green in our memory. The Bishop of the diocese came to bless the bells, the result of many years of toil, the gift of a humble son of labour. We can see now the aged donor standing amidst the crowd, listening to the touching discourse of the venerable Bishop. Tears of gratitude and joy moistened the furrowed cheeks of the grey-headed peasant. There he stood in his lowly attire, unknown to many; but his generous and self-denying deed was recorded not by men, but by angels in the Book of Life.

There are several very large bells in this country. The largest is "Great Paul," in St. Paul's Cathedral, London: it weighs, with its fixings, &c., 18 tons. This stupendous bell was hung a few years since, and many will remember the event. The great bell in York Minster weighs 10 tons; "Great Tom," Oxford, weighs 7 tons; "Great Tom," Lincoln, weighs 5 tons; "Big Ben," Westminster, weighs 15 tons. In the time of Edward the Third we read of a bell weighing 33,000 lbs. The great bell at Moscow, cast in 1653, is computed to weigh 443,772 lbs. A bell in the Church of St. Ivan, in the same city, weighs 127,836 lbs. The bells in Olmutz, Rouen, and Vienna weigh 18 tons each. The Kaiserglocke at Cologne Cathedral weighs 25 tons. The famous bell at Erfurt in Germany, called "Maria Gloriosa," which was cast in 1497, weighs 13 tons, is more than 24 ft. in circumference, and has a clapper of 4 ft., weighing 1,232 lbs., and was the largest bell ever hung. How few there are who know aught of the mysteries in a peal of

bells! What will the uninitiated say to plain-bob-triples, bob-majors, double bob-royals, and treble bob-royals? But these are not all: there are grandsire bob-caters and bob-maximus. Grandsire bob consists of 720 changes. On a peal of 7 bells there are 5,040 changes; on 8 bells, 40,320; on 9 bells, 362,880; on 10 bells, 3,628,800; on 11 bells, 39,916,800; on 12 bells, 479,001,600. Here we must cease before our readers are terrified at these seemingly uncalled for numbers. An ordinary feat in bell-ringing is 5,040 changes on 7 bells, usually accomplished in three hours. Bells have been a favourite theme of poets. Schiller's poem "Die Glocke" describes most vividly and poetically the casting and uses of the bell. We could go on for ever on the poetry and science of Campanology, which is inexhaustible; but all things in this world must have an end, and this little essay must share the same fate.

JAMES J. DOHERTY.

A Holiday in Palestine.

PART THE FIRST.

IT was in the evening of Wednesday, July 18, 1883, that I bade farewell to Constantinople, having taken my passage from Smyrna on board the *Donnai*, a vessel belonging to the *Messageries Maritimes*.

For more than a month cholera had been raging in Egypt, and a feeling of terror so great as to amount to a panic, had in consequence been gradually spreading throughout the East. Great therefore was the surprise and uneasiness expressed by my friends when I intimated to them my intention of proceeding to Jerusalem, and many a commiserating glance was directed towards the rash individual, who, in defiance of circumstances and in the teeth of common sense, had in so foolhardy and objectless a manner resolved to carry his life in his hands. My own view of the subject was a totally different one; I had consulted the best authorities, I had obtained the most accurate information, I had prayed much, I had pondered long, and as the result of all this, I had arrived at a definite conviction that I could safely undertake my proposed pilgrimage. The event proved me to have been in the right; indeed it is with an especial wish to record the manner in which the providence of God watched over and guided my steps throughout my wanderings, that I am about to attempt the following brief sketch of my journey.

I will not pause to describe the splendid scene which presented itself to my gaze as we steamed along, for I have already in my *Cruise among the Islands of the Aegean*, spoken of the glories of the Golden Horn. Suffice it to say, that we started about six o'clock in the morning, and at break of day found ourselves in the Dardanelles. Here we paused, a boat put off from the shore, and a fresh passenger, evidently a person of no small importance, was ere long seen to climb the ship's ladder. He was received with every mark of respect, and I learned that

we now had on board one of the highest functionaries of the Ottoman Empire, His Excellency Nachid-Pacha, the newly appointed Governor of Smyrna. Clothed as he was in European attire, with the exception of the inevitable scarlet fez, and wrapped in a comfortable overcoat, the expression of his countenance was at first sight easy and good natured enough. But a closer inspection soon made one aware that this grey-haired official, with the hooked nose surmounted by gold-rimmed spectacles, and the keen restless eyes, had, in laying aside his eastern dress, assuredly not put off the old man, but still was, and ever would remain, a thorough Turk, in the fullest sense of the word. He was remarkably careful in the performances of his religious observances. Five times in the course of the day was a carpet spread before him on deck, and at each appointed hour he commenced his various prostrations, performing them with truly surprising deftness and rapidity. Ever and anon came a pause, when, squatting on his heels, his hands spread out upon his knees, his wide-open eyes would assume a fixed expression, and he would appear to be lost in the contemplation of some far-away object, invisible to us meaner mortals. Yet all this piety did not prevent him from eating, drinking, and smoking whenever he saw fit to do so, although it was the month of Ramadan, when, as is well known, the disciples of the Koran are forbidden to eat a morsel of bread, drink a drop of water, or smoke a tiny cigarette from the time when the earliest dawn of daylight permits them to distinguish a white thread from a black one, until the setting of the sun.

Life abounds in sharp and pathetic contrasts, as every one must discover for himself on his way through the world. No sadder or more forcible one did I ever behold than that presented by the luxurious ease of the Pacha on the one hand, and the piteous spectacle of misery and suffering offered on the other by a boatful of invalided soldiers which hailed us as we were on the point of leaving the Dardanelles, in the hope that our captain would take the convalescents on board, and thus convey them to their homes. But no, the voice of humanity was stifled by dread of the cholera, and after a brief parley with the officer in charge of the poor fellows, the commander of the *Donnai* refused point blank to have anything to do with them. Not a single murmur escaped their lips at what must have been a bitter disappointment. Sadly and slowly they prepared to return to the land, their whole manner and bearing expressing meanwhile the stoical

calm and unalterable patience which characterize the true children of the Prophet.

Ere long we found ourselves bounding over the shining waters of the *Ægean*, and it was with no small pleasure that I once more beheld the plains of Troy and the lofty peaks of Mount Ida. However, as upon the present occasion I regarded myself as a pilgrim rather than as a mere ordinary traveller, I did not indulge in classic memories, but turned my thoughts to the journeyings of St. Paul, who left these smiling shores in order to carry to us the Gospel of Christ. I strove to discern the two cities mentioned in the Acts: Troas and Assos.

Troas, called by the Turks Eski-Stamboul (Old Stamboul), displays its stately ruins on the side of a hill which slopes down to the sea, opposite the south-east point of the Island of Tenedos. Some writers consider Troas to be the ancient Troy. Virgil was certainly of this opinion, for he says:

Est in conspectu Tenedos.

Yet, strange as it may sound, he cannot be regarded as a trustworthy witness, for he did not visit Greece until after he had written the *Æneid*. It is said that his annoyance on discovering the various errors and omissions which disfigured his work was so keen, that he wished, upon returning home, to commit his manuscript to the flames. Certain at any rate it is that it was from Troas that St. Paul set sail for Greece on the occasion of his first visit to Europe. It was whilst staying in that city that he beheld the vision in which a man of Macedonia stood and besought him, saying: "Pass over into Macedonia and help us." With characteristic energy and determination he embarked the very next morning, and the morrow of that day beheld him already at Philippi. The conquest of Europe to Christianity had begun!

Frequently, at subsequent periods, did the Apostle re-visit Troas, availing himself when there of the hospitality gladly extended to him by a pious and wealthy Greek family. The head of this family was named Carpus, and it was from a window of his spacious three-storied dwelling, that Eutychus, the young man whom St. Paul so marvellously restored to life, "fell down, and was taken up dead." It was to the keeping of this same Carpus that were afterwards entrusted the cloak, books, and parchments, which St. Paul requested Timothy to bring with him to Rome. We learn from the Acts that after his

second voyage to Greece, St. Paul spent a week at Troas, and then went on foot over the mountains to Assos. In this way he must have traversed the entire range of Ida, for Assos is situated on the southern side of the chain. It presented a striking scene as we beheld it from the deck of our vessel. The fortified ramparts have been tolerably well preserved, forming as they did a belt of thick walls flanked by lofty towers. Precipitous rocks lent their aid to the system of defence, whilst the citadel proudly planted on the summit of the mountain, on more than one occasion hurled defiance at the armies of the invader. The city itself was essentially a city of the Greeks; the temples, baths, theatres, all bearing the stamp of that aristocratic and fastidious race.

Nachid-Pacha meanwhile was obviously bored to death. How indeed could he be otherwise, caring as he did neither for classic associations nor Christian memories? In the midst of this dearth of interest or amusement however, a happy thought at length struck him. As he was pacing the deck for the twentieth time at least, he espied his secretary sound asleep behind a coil of ropes. The young man was a son of Abraham, patient and submissive like the rest of his race. His master immediately proceeded to play him a trick; cautiously and gently did he transfer the sleeper's fez to his own pocket, and then stole softly back to his cabin, whilst we watched to see what was going to happen next. In a few moments the Pacha's favourite slave, a merry bright-eyed Nubian boy, evidently highly delighted with the part assigned to him in the little comedy, approached the secretary, woke him up and told him that his master desired his immediate presence. The other rubbed his eyes, stretched himself, and putting his hand to his head, discovered with unutterable dismay that his fez was missing. What could he do? His master's orders allowed of no delay, nevertheless to appear before a superior with uncovered head, is considered by Orientals to be nothing short of the supremest insolence. For some minutes the scene was really a most amusing one, and the negro enjoyed it to the uttermost. At last, satisfied with the success of the trick, he took pity on the distress of his colleague and lent him his own fez. Thus the story ended, and I saw the Pacha no more until late in the morning when we cast anchor off Smyrna.

I passed the night under the hospitable roof of the Christian Brothers, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the following

day, I set sail for Syria, on board the *Ebro*. The next morning I hastened on deck as soon as possible, and found that we had already passed the island of Chio, and were approaching Patmos. Ere long it arose, rough, rugged, repulsive-looking, out of the waste of waters. Scarcely a trace of verdure can be seen : some stunted olive-trees, a few cypresses, with here and there a solitary palm-tree, constitute the sum total of its vegetation, while on all sides one perceives bare crags, yawning caverns, and perpendicular precipices. The island is situated in the midst of dangerous reefs and shoals, hence the Romans, whose habit it was to relegate political prisoners to the most inaccessible spots, *in asperrimas insularum*, as Suetonius expressed it, made Patmos a place of banishment. Hither was St. John sent in his old age, and below the monastery, which stands on the crest of the mountain, may be seen the grotto where he recorded the wondrous visions which are by turns gloomy and terrible as the raging storm, or peaceful and serene as a calm sunset over sleeping waters.

I left Constantinople with the intention, not only of visiting Jerusalem, but also of traversing Galilee. In order to carry out my scheme, it was necessary that I should land at Caïffa, at the foot of Mount Carmel. This would, I found, be no easy matter, for the only boat which stops at that place on its way from Beyrout to Jaffa, only runs once a fortnight, and I could not afford this long delay. On the evening of the 22nd of July, I was walking up and down the deck, thinking what I had best do, yet seeing no way out of my difficulty and growing more and more perplexed, when all at once Providence interposed on my behalf in a manner equally delightful and unexpected. It happened after the following fashion : in the course of my walk I paused for a moment and chanced to hear a voice beside me utter the word : Caïffa. Looking up, I saw our doctor engaged in conversation with one of the passengers whose beard and moustache could only belong to a Frenchman. Unable to restrain my curiosity, I approached the pair, begged them to pardon me for thus interrupting them, and added that as the name of Caïffa had just escaped their lips, I thought they might be able to give me some information as to the best mode of reaching that place, a subject which was of deep personal interest to me. "You have found the right person," answered the doctor with a smile. "This gentleman happens to be French Consul at Caïffa. M. Monge (such was his name) bowed

with elaborate courtesy, and told me that he was in precisely the same difficulty as myself, and had determined to find some way out of it, adding that he should be delighted if I would avail myself of any means of transport he might discover. I leave the reader to imagine how eagerly his offer was accepted, and with what a thankful heart I laid me down to rest. All night long I dreamt of Galilee, and I can say with truth that the Galilee of my dreams was not fairer than the land I ere long beheld in the bright light of day. For once, the real did not sink below the ideal, but rose, if possible, above it!

Our voyage was uneventful, and rendered wearisome by the stifling heat of the weather, which proved not a little trying to all of us, and greatly aggravated the sufferings of a wealthy Arab merchant who had been struck down by paralysis in the course of a business journey he was making, and whom we were bringing back to his home at Tripoli. Unable to move from the couch which had been arranged for him on the poop of the vessel, he spent his days and nights there, sighing and groaning. Occasionally he would chant, in a low tone and a rhythm full of plaintive melancholy, words of which I failed to catch the meaning, but which were interpreted to me by a fellow-countryman of the unhappy sufferer as constituting a lament over his misfortune. "Alas! alas!" he moaned forth, "I shall soon behold my children! Alas! alas! how bitterly will they weep over me! Ah me! how wretched I am! Have pity on me, O Allah, have pity on me!" No sooner had we cast anchor off Tripoli, than his relatives made their appearance, accompanied by some servants. Advancing slowly along the deck, they paused when they reached the spot where the invalid lay, and, surrounding his couch, seated themselves on the ground, where they remained immovable for a considerable space of time, without uttering a single word, the sobs of the paralyzed sufferer alone breaking the brooding silence. Truly it was a heart-rending picture, intensely eastern in its every detail, and forcibly recalling those words of Holy Writ, which describe the attitude assumed by the friends of Job: "And they sat with him on the ground seven days and seven nights, and no man spoke to him a word: for they saw that his grief was very great."¹

By sunrise the next morning we had reached Beyrout, where I spent two days, and on Saturday evening, the 28th of July, I once more embarked on the *Ebro* in company with the excellent

¹ Job ii. 13.

M. Monge, who, whilst at Beyrout, had hired a sailing-boat, which the commander of the *Ebro* had consented to take in tow, until we should arrive opposite Caiffa, when M. Monge and I were to leave the steamer, and go on board the little boat, which, under favourable circumstances, would bring us to our destination in about an hour and a half. I must explain that, the *Ebro* being a mail-packet, her captain, albeit most friendly and obliging, dared not touch at Caiffa, since such a divergence from his direct course would have exposed him to a just reprimand on the part of the French Government, in whose service he was. It was curious and amusing to watch the small skiff, following in the wake of the powerful steamer, to which it was made fast by means of a stout cable. Occasionally it seemed as if about to disappear altogether beneath the huge waves, but, if hidden from sight for a moment, it soon came again into view, riding triumphantly on the crest of the billows and skimming along with the easy grace displayed by a swallow in its flight.

Darkness, however, soon fell, and put an end to our observations. I retired to my cabin, and endeavoured, without much success, to obtain a little rest. About one o'clock in the morning I was again on deck; the moon had risen, so that I could clearly distinguish the outline of Carmel, opposite to which our course had now brought us. A few more turns of the screw, and the order to stop was given. The skiff spread its sails to the breeze, M. Monge and I took leave of the captain, one of the steamer's boats soon rowing us up to our little barque, in which we quickly seated ourselves. A moment more, and we were gliding through the silent night towards the longed-for shore, which we reached just as day began to break. I could easily perceive a small town half hidden among palm-trees, behind which a long irregular chain of heights stood sharply out against the soft opal lines of the sky. For Carmel is not an isolated mountain, as many persons imagine, but a range of hills sloping from the north-west to the south-east, and extending over a distance of about twelve miles.

On landing, the consul took me first of all to his house. As we walked along the streets, our appearance excited as much surprise as if we had fallen from the clouds, no one being able to understand how it could come to pass that, having only left Beyrout the evening before, we could already have reached Caiffa. M. Monge accompanied me to the church, and introduced me to the head-priest. I said Mass, and

immediately after breakfast repaired to the Convent of the Dames de Nazareth, in order to consult the Superioress, Madame de Vaux, as to the means of obtaining the guide and horses necessary for my projected visit to Nazareth. She is considered the best authority in the town on this important subject, and it is the custom for pilgrims to seek her advice. She suggested that I should at once proceed to the monastery on the summit of the mountain, calling at her house on my way back, by which time she promised that the desired escort should be in readiness. Accordingly, I set forth on foot, the distance was not great, and I could, under ordinary circumstances, have accomplished it in less than an hour. But it was nine o'clock in the morning, and experience shows that this is the hottest time in an Eastern day; at any rate, I found it almost impossible to proceed, and over and over again thought I must have dropped down by the roadside. It was the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, and when at last I reached my destination, every one was at Mass, so that I know not what would have become of me in my exhausted condition, had it not been for the kindness of two Greek priests, who took me to a place where I could rest, and obtain the refreshments of which I stood sorely in need. Suddenly there fell upon my ear a sound of singing, mingled with clapping of hands and joyous acclamations. Hastening to the window, I beheld the singular ceremony which accompanies the dedication of a child to St. Elias. The procession was in the act of passing, and certainly it was a remarkable affair. Seven times did it make the circuit of the monastery walls; at its head marched a richly-caparisoned horse, mounted by a cavalier who carried the child in his arms. Then came women in strange costumes, and a number of young girls holding each other's hands, and performing a sort of religious dance. All were singing, the women and children striking their hands together in such a manner as to keep time with the music. I asked the priests what all these people were singing, and was told that they were merely chanting over and over again a rhyme improvised by themselves, in which the same words recurred incessantly, these being, moreover, of the very simplest description. Strange as it seems to us Europeans, the Arab is invariably found to possess a natural gift of this kind, he is, in fact, a born *improvisatore*.

Having sufficiently rested, I in my turn walked round the monastery walls. Then I prayed before the image of Our

Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel and visited the Grotto of St. Elias, finally ascending the terrace in front of the building in order to enjoy the panorama to be beheld from thence. Truly magnificent was the picture spread forth before my eyes; at my feet a blue expanse of waters flashed and sparkled in the sunlight, while on the shore stood the white houses of Caïffa, beneath overshadowing palms; further away in a northerly direction, the Bay of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, described its graceful curves, while in the distance rose the towers and ramparts of the city itself, against which the efforts of the greatest conqueror of modern times dashed themselves only to be broken in pieces.

According to previous arrangement, I called on my way back at the house of the Dames de Nazareth, and found the Superioress busily engaged in talking to a tall, powerful-looking Arab, with a somewhat fierce expression of countenance, who wore on his head a large red *kéfi*.¹ "Here is your *moukra*, or guide," she said, turning to me. I could not help telling her that his looks did not impress me favourably, but she assured me that he was perfectly trustworthy, and that his horses were good. No time was to be lost, as we had a long journey before us, and we started as soon as possible, my guide, whose name was Francis, riding first on a little grey horse which I christened Pegasus, whilst I followed on a tall, strongly-built bay, which might well have been called Bucephalus, and was equipped in European fashion, with the exception of the huge stirrups used everywhere in the East. I soon discovered my steed to be utterly and hopelessly indolent, in spite of his unusual strength. Do what I might, he obstinately persisted in the slowest of paces, and occasionally appeared about to come to an absolute standstill. This was evidently a matter of every day occurrence, for Francis did not evince the slightest surprise, but calmly produced an end of rope which had doubtless only too frequently served the same purpose, and made my horse fast to his own. He next lashed the two animals unmercifully, and off we went at a good round pace, the smaller horse having the larger in tow. It must be owned that I had to endure a considerable amount of shaking, but all minor disagreeables were soon forgotten amid the beauty and interest of the scenes through which I passed, especially

¹ The *kéfi* is a piece of woven material, used by the Arabs as a covering for the head and neck, in order to avoid danger from sunstrokes. It is fastened round the forehead by a cord made of camel's hair.

when, as the day drew towards its close, we entered the rocky defiles by which Nazareth is approached. Eagerly did my eyes search for the first glimpse of the city, until at length, gazing down from the summit of a steep and stony hill which I had ascended on foot, I perceived the place I had so longed to behold lying at my feet, and situated at the end of a sort of funnel, formed by chalky hills, and open only to the south-west. The sun had already set, I therefore upon arriving went straight to the Franciscan monastery and, having made the necessary arrangements with my guide in reference to the morrow, was only too thankful to abandon myself to the care of the hospitable Brother upon whom devolves the duty of attending to the necessities of weary guests!

It forms no part of my purpose to attempt an elaborate description of the holy places, I prefer rather to confine myself to a record of my personal adventures and impressions, giving from time to time in addition such topographical details as I may judge necessary. No sooner was I ready to leave my room, on the morning after my arrival, Monday, the 30th of July, than I hastened to the church attached to the monastery, in order to put my name down to say Mass in the Grotto of the Annunciation. I was prepared for a long delay, but in reality I had not to wait at all. Here I may say, once for all, that the prevalent dread of cholera was of the greatest benefit to me throughout my journey, since owing to it I everywhere found myself the only Latin pilgrim, and was able to wander hither and thither at my own sweet will, choosing my own routes, following my own hours. The reader will understand in how great measure my enjoyment would have been interfered with, not to say destroyed, had I been mixed up with a crowd of travellers consisting, perhaps, for the most part, of mere Protestant sight-seers!

My devotions at the Grotto being ended, I walked through the city, and went to call at the Convent of the Dames de Nazareth, where I dined. The Superioress requested me to give a short exhortation to the community, taking St. Ignatius for the subject of my discourse, as his feast was to be kept on the morrow. To my shame I must confess that this fact had escaped my memory, and that I had never once anticipated in thought the privilege which a kind Providence had meanwhile been preparing for me, namely, that of celebrating a feast so dear to the heart of a Jesuit, in the morning on Mount Tabor, in the evening beside the Lake of Tiberias.

About two o'clock my guide made his appearance with the horses, and we at once set forth. Our first halt was made beside the Fountain of the Virgin, as it is called; it is the only fountain to be found in Nazareth, hence we may with certainty conclude that our Blessed Lady frequently repaired thither for the purpose of fetching water. Francis filled his gourd, and handed it to me that I might drink of the waters which had so often brought refreshment to lips that were Divine. At the end of an hour we left the chalk hills behind us, and, emerging from the last of the defiles through which we had been riding, I beheld in front of me, at a comparatively short distance, the imposing form of Mount Tabor in the shape of a huge cone, clothed with verdure, and standing out against the background of an azure sky. At this point I feel tempted to lay down my pen, painfully conscious as I am of my inability to describe aright the glories of that matchless evening, when, as we gradually made the ascent of the majestic mountain, every fresh turn in the winding path brought to light some new beauty in the magic scene, every fresh opening in the forest which partially clothes the hillside revealed some point in the widespread landscape fraught with sacred historical associations! To the south could be discerned, in shadowy outline, the mountains of Samaria; in another direction I beheld Endor with its gloomy memories, Naim with its touching recollections, or Gelboe with its amphitheatre of barren hills: *nec ros, nec pluvia veniant super vos!*

The ascent was finished before I was aware of the fact, and I found myself on a sort of terrace or platform in front of the monastery. Long did I remain there, absorbed in meditation, lost in contemplation of the picture spread out at my feet. From my elevated stand-point I could trace the windings of the Jordan, the contour of the Lake of Tiberias, and the various chains of the Galilean hills. My soul was filled with joy and gratitude when I at length seated myself on a mass of rock in order to recite the First Vespers of St. Ignatius. As long as possible I remained out of doors, and it was not until considerably after sunset that I repaired to the pilgrim's quarters, and lay down to sleep. My first thoughts on awaking were with my brethren in religion, wherever in the wide world they might be preparing to keep the feast of our common Father. Even in exile, they were keeping it together, whilst I was alone! Yet who would not have envied such a solitude as mine? Who will not readily

believe that my only regret was the impossibility of sharing my happiness with all those who are dear to me? To visit Galilee was a great wish of St. Ignatius, and one which he was never able to fulfil. Imploring him to look down graciously from his exalted place in Heaven upon his unworthy son, I ventured, as a proof of my filial devotion, to introduce the prayer *Deus qui ad majorem* into the Votive Mass of the Transfiguration, which it is customary to say here. The good Franciscan Brother who served my Mass probably did not know Latin, and even if he had done so, and had, in consequence, noticed my trifling departure from the rubrics, I am certain that the satisfactory reasons I could have brought forward would have speedily disarmed any objections on his part.

Immediately after Mass I returned to the terrace where I had spent a time of so much enjoyment the evening before. The scene was not less enchanting in the clear morning light than it had been when viewed in the mild radiance of declining day. Earnestly did I gaze upon it, conscious that I should in all probability never again be privileged to behold it. Indeed I scarcely left myself a few moments wherein to partake of a hasty breakfast, before Francis once more made his appearance with the horses, and we were speedily under way.

On reaching the foot of the mountain, we took the road to the right, and soon arrived at the fountain of Cana, whence the water so miraculously converted into wine was taken. It is situated at the entrance of the village, and presents a sordid appearance, although its waters are very plentiful. The spring, properly so called, is a mere hole in the ground, and the reservoir is but little more, on a somewhat enlarged scale. At the time I paused before it, a shepherd lad belonging to the neighbourhood was engaged in the difficult task of washing a sheep which protested with all its might against the unwelcome process of purification. Had the subject been made to figure in one of Theocritus' bucolics, or had an artist used it as a model for a bronze, it might perchance not have been found destitute of attractiveness, but, as it was, the prosaic reality appeared to me decidedly repulsive. We watered the horses, and then rode off across the plain of Touran, leaving on our left Mount Hattine, the Mount of the Beatitudes, where in 1187, a disastrous conflict took place, which completed the overthrow of the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem. Yet a little further, and a sudden turn in the road revealed to me a sheet

of water of the brightest and clearest blue. I had imagined the Lake of Tiberias to be on a small scale, grey and dull-looking, so that this splendid expanse with its dancing, flashing brilliancy, filled me with delighted surprise. Neither in Scotland nor in Switzerland had I ever seen anything more beautiful!

As a matter of course, I longed to tread the hallowed shores, and therefore went straight to the convent of the Franciscan Fathers, built on the very edge of the lake. Here Father Luke received me with the utmost kindness; conducting me to the terrace in front of the house, he carefully and minutely pointed out to me every detail of the surrounding scene. For years it has fallen to his lot to perform this good office for pilgrims, and he has, if one may so speak, identified himself with these sacred localities which he ardently loves, and in sight of which he desires to die. Alas! I fear the holy old man will not remain much longer in this world! so frail and shadowy is his appearance that one cannot help thinking the hand of death must be already laid upon him!

In due time I sallied forth alone to visit the town of Tiberias, which offers few attractions to the traveller. It is dirty beyond description, and the houses literally teem with vermin, so that I was thankful to quit it by the northern gate, and take my evening walk in the direction of Magdala. Leisurely did I stroll along, given up to delicious musings, reflecting how often our Blessed Lord had trodden the self-same path along which I was walking, and gazing now on one scene of interest, now on another. Verily do I believe I should have wandered thus throughout the night, wrapped in my waking dream, had not the unwelcome apparition of a Bedouin who, emerging from a cave, in no friendly tones recalled me to reality, warned me to linger no longer in so solitary a spot. Reluctantly I retraced my steps; on regaining my room at the convent, I finished the Office for St. Ignatius' feast which I had begun upon Mount Tabor the preceding evening, and then, taking out my note-book, wrote in it as follows: *July 31, 1883, the happiest day of my life.*

Here, kind reader, permit me to take leave of you for awhile, but do not imagine, that because a day like the one which has just closed can never dawn again, I have not much that is interesting still left to tell you upon some future occasion.

VICTOR BAUDOT, S.J.

Trial and Execution of Father Henry Garnet.

FATHER GARNET'S prospects did not look very promising after he had been trapped into denying his conversations with Father Oldcorne. There was indeed nothing morally wrong in that denial, nor even anything that we can safely condemn as imprudent. Nevertheless, as far as Father Garnet's position with regard to his examiners was concerned, its results were very unfortunate. Instead of challenging them to bring proofs for their charges, he had now to explain his conduct in self-defence; while his examiners were at the same time supplied with the excuse for refusing to believe his story, and furnished with a means of discrediting him, which they never once failed to avail themselves of. Seeing then how hopeless were all further attempts at fencing with lawyers, he repeatedly declared his regret for his error, and sought to remove the bad impression his denial had made by complete openness as to all his dealings with Catesby and his companions. In this course he was still further confirmed, by perceiving that it was the best if not the only way of dispelling the false reports of the spies.

All this we know from Father Garnet himself. We learn, however, some further particulars from the story which crept abroad from the grim fortress in which these things happened. Father Gerard, who recorded it, tells us that when Father Garnet was brought up for examination, he declared that he had been very sick for the last five days, and the truth of this statement is curiously confirmed by the reports of the spies, who three days before heard him complain of two days of unwonted thirst and drowsiness.¹

¹ The Catholics suspected that his drowsiness when he was called up for examination was caused by his having been kept from sleep for several days, but from the report of the spies it would appear that he had suffered from heaviness all the time. The Catholics also thought he had been drugged, and though Father Garnet himself appears to have had no suspicion of malice, he too connected this drowsiness with the wine which was given him on account of his ill-health. The spies, of course,

"At this time," Father Gerard continues, "he was so heavy in his head, that being not fit to be examined, the lords permitted him to go to sleep an hour, and then being waked he was brought unto them again, but was little better." Being charged while in this state with his conference with Father Oldcorne, he denied it, and was taken to the torture-chamber, while the witnesses and the clearest proofs of his having spoken were shown him. Then seeing that silence was no longer necessary, for in the circumstances in which he found himself the conditions were at length fulfilled, under which he had permission to tell all he knew, and seeing also that reticence had become absolutely hurtful, that it would expose him to torture, and yet confirm instead of dispelling the worst interpretations put upon his words, he resolved to do what he could not lawfully have done before, and frankly confessed his knowledge of the conspiracy.

So far the contemporary narrative tallies very accurately with the evidence of other State documents lately brought to light; but in two points it is certainly wrong. The first of these is that Father Garnet, during his conferences with Father Oldcorne, let fall these words: "No man can accuse me but one;" and the other that he availed himself of his permission to confess because these words seemed to prove so much against him. The original papers, however, show us on the contrary that he never uttered the words in question at all, and consequently could not have confessed because of their being overheard, but at the same time these papers also explain what Father Garnet's real reasons for speaking were.

The authority of our chronicler, Father Gerard, however, is so high, his information is so accurate, the fact of his having been in London at the time and in some sort of communication with the gaolers and prisoners in the Tower, is so important, that it is impossible to reject any part of his story except on very strong evidence. But then the evidence is of the very strongest. The reports of the spies are extant, and the words are not to be found among them. This reason of itself has been sufficient to induce such historians as Dr. Lingard, Mr. Jardine, and Mr. Gardiner to disallow the words in question, and surely with excellent reason, for it is incredible that all trace of evidence so

give a malevolent ambiguity to their version of his words: viz., that he had "drunk extraordinarily," &c. Cf. *Condition of Catholics*, p. 173, and the spies' report for March 2. R.O. *Dom. James I.* xix. 7.

important should have been allowed to perish, when so much care was taken to record and preserve every imputation and suspicion. But further, even if we suppose one of the spies' reports to have been lost, we have an account of all the conferences written with great fulness by Father Oldcorne, and a summary of all the evidence against Father Garnet by the Attorney-General, and the words are not to be found in either. The cumulative weight of these authorities is unanswerable; but we have still further to consider that Father Garnet has himself explained his reason for confessing, which certainly is not that ascribed to him by Father Gerard.

But before we give this explanation, it will be a satisfaction to know that a not improbable suggestion can be offered as to the origin of Father Gerard's error. On one occasion words similar to those reported were really used by Father Garnet. This is clear from a taunt levelled at him during his trial by Sir John Popham, the Lord Chief Justice: "You said that no man living but one did know you were privy to the Plot, then belike some that are dead did know it."¹ A perverse interpretation, but one from which we can see that there was some real foundation for the words ascribed to Father Garnet. Their real meaning we learn from De Thou, an adverse writer of considerable powers, and furnished with information by the prosecution, whose testimony may therefore be accepted without hesitation. He tells us that they were uttered not at the time, and with the meaning which makes them so cardinal a point in Father Gerard's story, but at a later examination to explain his previous silence. For on his own showing he could at once have told all as soon as he was formally "brought in question" for the Plot; but he did not consider that condition as really fulfilled, while the Government were merely guessing at his connection with the conspirators.

We account therefore for the existence of the mistake we are discussing by supposing that the order of time somehow got inverted, and words which Father Garnet spoke after his confession, were made his reason for confessing at all.

His real reason for so doing Father Garnet himself gave on several occasions, and it was always this, that he found many things believed to his discredit, from which a full confession only could clear him. Whether these adverse statements had been credited in malice or good faith, does not concern us here. Father

¹ *True and perfect relation.* Sig. C. c.

Garnet saw that they were believed, and spoke to clear himself and his Order, not because the secret was already known. This is clearly stated in his letter to Father Greenway, which is the more worthy of our belief as he had been told that that Father had been captured, was angry with him, and had disavowed his account of their meeting. Under these circumstances, Father Garnet must have well perceived how he exposed himself to contradiction from both sides, should he either overstate or understate the facts of the case. To Father Greenway then he wrote as follows :

"My most dear and loving sir,—I am sorrier for your taking than for mine own. I found at my coming here all men possessed with informations of me, every one almost having touched me of those which are gone before. And withal, after many examinations and many denials, the special thing against me was, for that Mr. Hall and I had sundry conferences, [and] when we made our confessions, and gave one another information of our examinations, there were two witnesses in a corner, which heard all and gave evidence of principal points, though they mistook them. So that I thought it better to tell the very truth with less discredit to our Order, than to permit them to have harder conceits of us as contrivers and authors of all the conspiracy. . . ."¹

Another letter to Mrs. Anne Vaux gives a precisely similar account.² "I found myself so touched by all that had gone before, but especially by the testimony of two, that did hear our confessions and conference and misunderstand us, that I thought it would make our actions much more excusable to tell the truth than to stand to torture or trial by witnesses." He spoke, therefore, not as Father Gerard thought, because the main fact against him was already known, but because the false version, which was believed to his discredit, was more odious than the true story, which he was now at liberty to disclose.

In both the above letters we have heard Father Garnet say that he understood himself to have been "touched by others who had gone before," in other words, that the original conspirators had mentioned his name as favouring their enterprise. No trace of such use of Father Garnet's name appears

¹ Feb. 26, 1605. Hatfield MS. 115, 154.

² P.R.O. *Dom. James I.* xx. 11.

in the many examinations of those conspirators, and it is clear that this imposition was part of the large scheme of deception incessantly practised upon him. But of this more anon, for at present we must not linger even over the numerous examinations and re-examinations of the poor Father. The story disclosed by them we have already laid before our readers.

On the 22nd of March the Crown officers had drawn up an indictment, the tenor of which shows that Father Garnet had already attained some small measure of success with regard to the object which he had in view when making his confessions. For in the previous January a "true bill" was found against him to the effect that he had "moved and persuaded" the conspirators to their Plot "for the advancing and enlargement of the pretended and usurped authority and jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, and the restoring of the superstitious Romish religion within this realm of England"; and which further pretended to specify several meetings in which the treason was discussed. In brief, he was then accused of being author and prime mover of the whole conspiracy. But now that he had told his own story, it became at once evident, that neither the charge of authorship nor the fictitious treasonable acts could be substantiated. The new indictment therefore declared that the conversation with Catesby, in which Father Garnet had answered the question about the killing of the innocents, was in itself an act of participation in the Plot.¹

This change of front was tantamount to an admission, that they could no longer attempt to sustain the charge of authorship, and would only pledge themselves to prove a treasonable intention in an act otherwise innocent. True, this change was technical rather than practical, and perhaps never came to Father Garnet's or the jury's knowledge, for it was the purpose of the prosecution to vilify in general, rather than to lay stress on any offence in particular.

The indictment being thus amended, the trial was held at the Guildhall on the 28th of March; its proceedings, however, were very unlike those we are now familiar with. This is evident as soon as we turn to the Government report; for though it consists of nearly three hundred pages, the defence

¹ In an article in *THE MONTH* for November, 1887, we stated, following the Government report of the trial and the abstracts of the Deputy Keeper, that the second indictment repeated the charges about religious motives. We have since had the opportunity of consulting the original indictment, and find that this was not so.

of Father Garnet takes only ten, all the rest being made up of lengthy diatribes on such favourite themes as the greatness of the King, the wickedness of the Pope, the villainies of the Jesuits, and the matchless good qualities of the Court, the city, and the Lords Commissioners. Stranger does it appear that there should be no regular attempt to prove any part of the indictment. "The proposition," says Jardine, "which Sir Edward Coke was bound to establish before the jury, as the overt act of treason laid in the indictment, was that at or before the conversation [in which the general question about the destruction of innocents with nocents was answered], the scheme of the Powder Plot was disclosed to Garnet, and that his answer to Catesby's question was given with reference to that scheme. . . . But this, indeed, is not asserted by Sir Edward, or any other speaker, and the whole course of the proceedings appear to negative it." Having further shown that Father Garnet was not aware of the Plot till seven weeks after the time in question, he concludes, that the jury had therefore "nothing to warrant them in finding him guilty of that indictment."

But not only was the main issue of the trial an inversion of justice, it also abounds in acts of gross unfairness. Father Gerard tells us that he was left standing all day. His defence was so often broken by questions, taunts, jeers, and digressions, that King James, "as he went from the place of trial, where he had been in private, was heard to say, they had done the prisoner wrong to interrupt him so often; and also, that if he had been in the prisoner's place he could have defended himself better in some points."¹

Again, another injustice which, says Mr. Jardine, "most readily suggests itself on the perusal of Garnet's trial" was the manner of exciting prejudice, by enforcing against him all the treasons which had been imputed to Catholics during the last twenty years. And in fact so successfully was this done, that Dudley Carleton, writing next morning, says that his impression was, "that Garnet coming into England in 1586, hath had his finger in every treason since that time." Mr. Jardine has also strongly condemned the way the documents read as evidence against him, were used. "Many instances occur in which the admissions which bore heavily against him were selected and read, while others in which the effect of those admissions was qualified and restricted were wholly suppressed. This mode

¹ *Condition of Catholics*, p. 264.

of dealing with the statements of an accused person is pure and unmixed injustice. It is in truth a forgery of evidence; for when a qualified statement is made, the suppression of the qualification is obviously no less a forgery than if the whole statement had been fabricated."¹ The most striking instance of this is found in that document wherein Faux confesses, that after taking the oath of secrecy he went into another room and received Holy Communion from Father Gerard, "who, however, knew not of the plot." When produced on the trial the last clause was carefully marked with red ink to be omitted, and remains so marked to this day.

The evidence for the Crown was chiefly documentary, but there was one point for which, to save the law, two witnesses were produced. This little episode is not one of the least curious incidents in Father Garnet's history. On the 23rd of February the spies had overheard Father Garnet tell Father Oldcorne that he was expecting that his examiners, who had found out so much, would ask him about the prayers he had recited against the time for the meeting of Parliament. Next day he was told that one of the musicians at Coughton had accused him of making a prayer for the success of the Plot.² Father Garnet, who of course had made many prayers, answered "that if they would show him any such prayers, he would confess if they were done by him, which was refused to be done. They then pressed him, whether, if it could be proved that he made such a prayer, he would yield himself privy to all the rest." This of course he refused, but repeated to them the hymn for All Saints, which he had used on the occasion in question.

This was a chance for the prosecution. If they could make it appear as though the spies had heard Father Garnet admit confidentially to Father Oldcorne, that he had prayed for the good success of the Plot, they would have got some most telling evidence against Father Garnet. To attain this end it is evident that the spies, or at all events one of them, deliberately perjured themselves. For Lockerson "being deposed before Garnet, delivered upon his oath that they heard Garnet say to Hall: "They will charge me with my prayer for the good success of *the great action*, in the beginning of Parliament, *and with the verses which I added in the end of my prayer* :

¹ P. 226.

² R.O. *Dom James I.* xix. 11.

*Gentem auferte perfidam
Credentium de finibus,
Ut Christo laudes debitas
Persolvamus alacriter.*

It is indeed true (said Garnet) *that I prayed for the good success of that great action*: but I will tell them that I meant it in respect of some sharper laws, which I feared they would then make against Catholics; and that answer shall *serve* well enough."¹

When this was sworn to in court, Father Garnet very charitably answered that he would not charge the "gentlemen" with perjury because he thought they might only be mistaken. But we, who have before us the original accounts drawn up and signed by the spies themselves, cannot so easily acquit them. Comparing these accounts with the version deposed to in court, we find that all we have italicized, and chiefly the words "The great Action," are mere alterations and interpolations² of the witness, interpolations and alterations which so entirely change the meaning, that there can be no question that Lockerson in swearing to them was perjured. It is also worthy of remembrance that the original version of the spies' report had not only been seen and analyzed by Sir Edward Coke, but was under his hand at the moment, for shortly afterwards he read an extract from it.

But neither unfairness nor even perjury would have prevailed, had not Father Garnet been the object of a prejudice very far reaching in its effects. It is this, that he was held

¹ *True and Perfect Relation*, sig. x. 3.

² In the original report for "That answer shall *serve* well enough," words which suggest the utility of the answer rather than its veracity, we read: "That will answer it well enough," words which any one would understand as referring to the adequacy of the answer, unless he was strongly predisposed to seek traces of deception. The spies allowed that they did not hear the words of the hymn, which must therefore be introduced from elsewhere.

For the *Great Action* we read *that business*, words which suggest no sinister meaning. Moreover, we have no certainty that even the words reported were really spoken, for apart from sayings, which evidently Father Garnet would never have uttered, these papers abound with such phrases as these: "We could not well hear;" "as we guess;" "his words we conceive tended to this purpose;" "we could not hear by occasion of a cock crowing under the window of the room, and the cackling of a hen at the same instant." Nay, in the margin opposite the words next preceding the phrase in question, stands still written: "I did not well hear." Under such circumstances no reliance can be laid on any particular words said to have been used. Father Garnet himself, as well in a private letter, intercepted before he knew how his words would be falsified and misrepresented, as also publicly on his trial, declared that he merely spoke of prayers to avert the passing of threatened laws. And this certainly was the sense in which Father Oldcorne understood him. The last fact is, in point of evidence, the most important of all. (G. P. B. n. 214; *Dom. James I.* xix. 11, Q; *Add. MS.* 21, 203, fol. 31.)

guilty until his innocence should be proved, as is evident in every phase of the proceedings against him. Indeed in a certain sense this is so patent that it may seem extravagant to insist upon it. Every state prisoner was in some sort subject to the same injustice, though no one was so hopelessly fore-judged as the Papist and the Jesuit, but in Father Garnet's case the effects of prejudice were especially disastrous. For as the cardinal points of his story are known to us, and can be known to us, from himself and Father Greenway only, if we once reject their words, we reject the sole evidence that can decide the question. If we once presume that Father Garnet and Father Greenway were men likely to join in conspiracy, and their depositions likely to be shifts forged in self-excuse, then that corrosive principle by destroying all means of verifying the main points at issue, must leave the whole of Father Garnet's defence, and the whole history of his connection with the conspirators, in doubt and uncertainty. Or, if we are predisposed against him, we shall believe him guilty, not because there is evidence against him, but because there cannot be a witness for him.

Moreover, this adverse sentiment had no need to be formulated, it commended itself to the passions of the adversaries of his religion, and it has been unconsciously accepted by all his opponents since. Mr. Jardine talks lightly of his "exculpatory narrative," of his "mere negations," of his inconclusive answers to his opponents. No words could show more accurately the unfairness with which Mr. Jardine himself has approached the subject. Not that we accuse him of the smallest perversion of fact. He is certainly honest, nay, he really tries to be impartial. Had men of Father Garnet's character, had cases like to his been better known to him, he would no doubt have gone on to render him complete justice, instead of halting in incredulity and suspicion.

But if on the contrary we can acknowledge that a man does not lose his claim to being believed because he is a priest and a Jesuit, and has for twenty years faced death, and borne bravely all the miseries attendant on religious persecution, we shall find in the narrations of the Jesuit Fathers, outlines, and premisses on which we can found definite judgments as to the other parts of the story. If we are not prejudiced against recognizing in men of Father Garnet's position some genuine self-devotion, and that claim to be heard

with consideration which self-devotion commands, we shall find ourselves in possession of a story which extorts credence from the coherence of its independent parts, and the nicety with which it satisfies the exigence of circumstances, and a solution then becomes possible for what must otherwise remain a hopeless tangle and an insoluble riddle.

Father Garnet's prosecutors preferred the mirage of impossibility and exaggeration, and they succeeded only too well in bewildering the jury and the public. A quarter of an hour at the end of a long sitting from eight in the morning till well on into the evening sufficed the former to make up their minds on a verdict, which even Mr. Jardine allows was "negatived" by "the whole course of the proceedings;" then the usual grim sentence of high treason was passed, and Father Garnet, weary with days' debate, was slowly driven back to the Tower. For such was the weakness of the prisoner that even Waade had reported that this exceptional treatment would be necessary to prevent his strength from failing.

Even when the gates had closed behind him, they were no protection from renewed annoyance. The Government had gained much, they captured the "Lieger" Jesuit, they had associated him with traitors, a sentence of treason had been passed upon him; one triumph still seemed wanting, that he should confess his own guilt. With the earnestness that characterized all their proceedings, they straightway, and with less scrupulosity than ever, set themselves to attain what they desired.

Father Garnet had based his whole defence on his having received knowledge of the Plot from Father Greenway in confession. If, then, Father Greenway could be got to deny this, Father Garnet's defence would be shattered. But unfortunately for their plans, Father Greenway had already escaped from England. Yet even this difficulty might be overcome. If a genuine confession was not forthcoming, might not a sham one serve their turn just as well? This ingenious suggestion of Waade's was immediately carried out, and two days after the conclusion of the trial we find Father Garnet in a state of considerable perplexity. He was informed that Father Greenway was captured, and had denied that his disclosure was made under the seal of confession. Father Garnet was sore afflicted, not indeed for the consequences to himself, but that in justifying himself he had unwittingly endangered the life of Father Greenway, whom he had previously believed to be safe abroad. He wrote him a long letter, from which we have already quoted,

giving a fresh account of all he had really confessed. In this letter, which called for so much candour, we find no sign of anxiety on Father Garnet's part that Father Greenway would really contradict his statements, only a fear lest wrong information should give rise to misunderstandings between them.

But it was joy to Waade to have discovered that there was a possibility of such misunderstanding. To his sanguine mind it foreshadowed an endless vista of future disclosures.

"I have half brought him to confess," so the Lieutenant of the Tower writes to Salisbury, "that the discourse he had with Greenway of these horrible treasons was not in confession, and I hope to use the means to make him acknowledge it before y^e Deans. I draw him to say that if it was not in confession, he conceived it to be delivered in confession, howsoever Greenway did understand it."¹

Waade looked upon this as a triumph. Not being a truthful man himself, he thought that any one who pleaded that he was acting on honest convictions, was tacitly admitting that he had no substantial defence at all. Father Garnet's "conceiving the discourse to have been in confession," is therefore a half-admission of guilt in Waade's eyes, and persistently did he endeavour by further examinations to obtain a full confession. But though to various questions Father Garnet gave correspondingly different answers, there is nothing in any of these which alters in the slightest the account of the case as he had first related it.

To this failure Waade had soon to add that of his attempts to make him ask for pardon. Father Garnet was indeed quite ready to ask pardon so far as he had offended, which was in taking it upon himself to decide that he was not bound to disclose his suspicions of Catesby's conduct. Or as he said in his defence:² "Because I was persuaded that upon my admonition Catesby would give over his former design, I deemed myself in conscience discharged from making any further discovery or overture of that practice: howbeit that in your common law I think [my excuse] insufficient, in regard [the law] deemeth it inconvenient to leave the safety of the Commonwealth depending on the discretion and peculiar provision of some private man. But yet, my lords, that I did much mislike such proceedings," &c.

Asking pardon then for an offence almost entirely legal, but

¹ Hatfield, MS. 115, fol. 158.

² Add. MSS. 2203, fol. 36.

perhaps partly prompted by affection for Catesby, he does so in terms which convey what we believe to be the most severe censure to which he can possibly be liable. It will be well therefore to give his own words :

I, Henry Garnett, of the Society of Jesus, priest, do here freely protest before God, that I hold the late intention of the powder action, to have been altogether unlawful and most horrible, as well in respect of the injury and treason to his Majesty, the Prince, and others, that should have been sinfully murdered at that time, as also in respect of infinite other innocents, which should have been present. I also protest that I was ever of opinion, that it was unlawful to attempt any violence against the King's Majesty and Estate, after he was once received by the realm. Also I acknowledge that I was bound to reveal all knowledge that I had of this or any other treason out of the sacrament of confession. And whereas partly upon hope of prevention, partly for that I would not betray my friend, I did not reveal the general knowledge of Mr. Catesby's intention, which I had by him, I do acknowledge myself highly guilty, to have offended God, the King's Majesty, and estate, and humbly ask of all forgiveness, exhorting all Catholics that they no way build upon my example. . . . In testimony whereof I have written this with my own hand.

HENRY GARNET.¹

The points in which he asks pardon he repeats again in his letter to Father Greenway.

"I wrote yesterday to the King to testify that I do and always did condemn the intention, and that indeed I might have revealed a general knowledge had of Mr. Catesby out of confession, but hoping of the Pope's prevention, and being loth to hurt my friend, I acknowledge to have so far forth offended God and the King, and so asked forgiveness."²

Generous as is this confession, forcible the terms of self-condemnation, and brief the allusion to excuse and alleviating circumstance, it did not satisfy the Government, who were resolved to make him guilty not of concealing a mere general suspicion, but of having taken a hearty and sympathetic part in the whole Plot. Waade accordingly, in forwarding these letters to Salisbury, says : "The letter I now send your lord-

¹ P.R.O., *Dom. James I.* xx. 12.

² Hatfield MS. 115, fol. 154.

ship is that declaration he would have published when he is gone, and therefore is to be kept the more secret."

Instead therefore of making known the real points for which he had asked pardon, which were thus dishonourably suppressed, it was stated that he had confessed himself guilty without reserve, and this was both asserted in print in the authorized account of Father Garnet's death, and information to the same effect was sent to the foreign ambassadors in England, and to the English ambassadors abroad. Further help in this same deception was afterwards afforded by the three Deans of the Chapels Royal, of Westminster, and of St. Paul's, who visited him nominally to tender "good counsel about contrition, confession, and satisfaction," on which subjects Father Garnet of course declined to converse. They were also the channels of a new deceit.

"I understand," so he wrote¹ to Mrs. Vaux, "by the Doctors which were with me, and by Mr. Lieutenant that great scandal was taken at my arraignment, and five hundred Catholics turned Protestants. Which, if it should be true, I must needs think that many other Catholics are scandalized at me also."

It appears then that the authority of the three Deans was used to confirm and sanction this new falsehood, the gratuitous cruelty of which, towards a man under sentence of death it is not easy to imagine, unless it was to make him yield by utterly breaking his spirit. All that Father Garnet could now do was to write to his friends once more, and recount again the chief points of his defence in the faint hope that the truth might somehow yet get abroad, but his letters of course only found their way into Waade's hands.

While we admire in all these letters Father Garnet's self-control, his consciousness of innocence, and an equanimity so unchanging that he might well seem to be writing about some third person, we notice at this time the formation of a very remarkable resolution, viz.: not to allow his cause to be called martyrdom. He had indeed from the beginning refused to claim so great an honour, but now he appears to have gone further, and to have resolved to publish this renunciation as an act of heroic humility to make good the scandal, which he believed he had caused. "I acknowledge myself not to die a victorious martyr but a penitent thief, as I hope I shall do; and

¹ *Dom. James I.* xx. 11.

so will I say at my execution whatsoever others have said or held before." This he wrote to Mrs. Vaux, with the express intention of having the words published after his death. And though, when the time of his execution came, he did not, it would appear, use them, there can be no doubt that he intended to have done so.

Here truly we have a triumph of humility, which few, even among those most deeply founded in that virtue, could have faced. But it must be carefully borne in mind that, if he was ingenious in excusing the injustice under which he suffered, no one, not even Father Garnet himself, has maintained that death was really inflicted as a punishment for not betraying his general suspicion of the existence of a plot. As a triumph of humility, of concession to foes, and of consideration for friends, whom in his tenderness of conscience he was brought to believe he had scandalized, he would look to nothing further than atoning for what he had done amiss. But nowhere does he admit that his punishment was just, and such as his offence had merited. Never did he fail to see that he was not punished at all for the error which he had brought himself to think that he had committed, but for a crime of which he was perfectly innocent. Nay, if there were the least need to prove anything so obvious, the labours continued even on the scaffold to make him allow, that he deserved death for concealing the particulars of the Plot, which he had heard only from Greenway, are an unanswerable proof that death was in fact inflicted on him for having kept secret that knowledge, which he had acquired only in the sacrament of confession.

It might have been thought, that nothing more distressing could have been devised to embitter the last hours of the condemned priest than the assurance of the three Deans, "all of them," Mr. Jardine informs us, "clergymen of distinguished learning and piety," that his brother Jesuit had turned and betrayed him, and that five hundred of the souls for whom he had laboured had taken such scandal as to give up their faith. But Waade's last effort appears to have wounded the much-trying prisoner even more deeply. Hitherto the self-control and equanimity of the Martyr had been so unvaried, that to those who did not know his kindly heart, they may have seemed insensibility. The next ruse was the first and only one, which drew from him a word of sorrow.

It was pretended¹ that Richard Fulwood, a Jesuit lay-brother, the carrier of Father Garnet's letters and moneys, had been captured, together with Robert the confidential servant of his host Mr. Abington; that upon them had been taken a letter in cipher containing the names of many Catholics, and with it the key that would bewray all those friends.

There is an atrocity we must be excused for calling diabolic in the systematic precision with which the poor Father's feelings were wounded. His brother taken, his flock scattered, his friends imperilled. "I am sorrier for your capture than for mine own," had been his message to Father Greenway. When he heard that his flock was scandalized, he closed his eyes to the consolations of martyrdom in death, and looked merely to the satisfaction of penance. Now he could only bow the head to the Divine Will.

"It pleaseth God daily to multiply my crosses," he writes, "I beseech Him to give me patience and perseverance *usque in finem*. I was after a week's hiding taken at a friend's house. Here our confessions and secret conferences were heard, and my letters taken by some indiscretion abroad. Then the taking of yourself after: my arraignment; then the taking of Mr. Greenwell; then the slander of us both abroad. Then the ransacking anew of Erith and the other house; then the executing of Mr. Hall; and now last of all, the apprehension of Richard and Robert with a cipher, I know not whose, laid to my charge, and that which was a singular oversight, a letter written in cipher, together with the cipher, which letter may bring many into question. *Suffer etiam hos: audistis et finem Domini vidistis: quemadmodum misericors Dominus est et miserator. Sit nomen Domini benedictum.*

"Yours in *æternum* as I hope,

"H. G."

At the foot of this letter Father Garnet has drawn a large I.H.S., the emblem of the Society of Jesus. The three nails pierce a heart with this inscription: *Deus cordis mei, et pars mea Deus in æternum.*

This was his last letter. There were indeed other vexations even during the few days that remained, but nothing to tell us of Father Garnet's trials and endurance until the last day

¹ Wade to Cecil, April 17. Hatfield MS. 116, p. 6.

arrived. Long and troubled as that five weeks' waiting for death had been made, its end at least found him unchanged, with all his old courage, his deep piety, and gentle temper, and showing no sign of the mental anguish with which he had been tormented. With noble composure he bade farewell to those who met him in the Tower yard. Lady Waade's offers of prayers he declined, and told the cook with a smile he would trouble him no more that day. Shortly after he met his old friend Anne Vaux coming with her keeper across the court, but before they could speak Waade, with his usual violence, burst out upon the keeper, whom he evidently suspected of having been bribed to procure the meeting. The poor lady was immediately led off, quite confused, and, so far as our informant could see, unable to comprehend the meaning of the scene.

So he passed through the Tower liberties to the outer gates, where the Lieutenant delivered his prisoner to the Sheriffs of the City. Then he was laid on the hurdle and drawn down Cheapside to St. Paul's, where, before the church doors, a special gallows had been erected for his execution. All around an enormous multitude of spectators had gathered. Father Stevenson, who passed before the execution began but feared to stop, found that the sightseers had already mounted the housetops; and another priest, who provided Father Gerard with information,¹ paid a shilling for standing room on a wall. About half-past nine the procession reached the place of execution, and it was found that Father Garnet was so shaken and jolted that he could not at first stand without aid. When at last he was sufficiently recovered to ascend the scaffold, his calm and pleasant face quieted the cries of the crowd, and there was silence while the weak voice was raised in its last speech.

After calling attention to the feast, which was kept that day, the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, he began to exhort the people to the Catholic Faith, but was interrupted by fresh endeavours to extort a confession of guilt. Would he not ask pardon for his offences? Would he not now publicly confess that Catesby and Greenway had sundry times conferred with him, and that

¹ A Latin version of it is in R.O. *Dom. James I.* xxi. 5. This narrator gives Father Garnet's speech at considerable length, and very reliably, except perhaps where he tells us, that Father Garnet asked the King's pardon "as far as he had offended him, namely, by keeping the secret of confession, which, though no offence in the sight of God, was an offence according to the law of the land." The Protestant writers say he asked pardon for not publishing his general suspicions. The latter is at least more consonant with what Father Garnet had resolved to do.

his explanation about Greenway's confession was only a pretence? If he would not, he was told that a clerk was in attendance with examinations under his own hand, which proved these points against him.

"Whatever is under my hand is true," was Father Garnet's answer; "but these things are not under my hand."

Then the confessions were called for, but by a prudent omission were found to have been forgotten.¹ When he was allowed to continue his speech he admitted, as he had done before, that he had done wrong in not publishing his general suspicions of Catesby's conduct, and he also answered briefly some of the slanders he thought were current against himself and his fellow-Jesuits. Then applying himself entirely to his prayers he invoked again and again the aid of our Blessed Lady, protesting that he died in the Catholic faith, and again exhorted all to join that Church, outside which there was no salvation. Then, as he continued to invoke our Lady's aid, with her name upon his lips, he was turned off the ladder. The Catholics noticed with consolation that instead of struggling as he hung, he held his hands crossed on his breast, while his shirt kept him decently covered. Twice the hangmen wanted to cut him down alive, but the people cried "Hold!" and a young man running under the scaffold drew down his legs to shorten his agony. So he hung about a quarter of an hour before the butchering of the body began, and here too the Catholic spectators found a crumb of consolation in the unusual silence with which the familiar word, "Behold the head of a traitor!" was received.

His head was set on London Bridge, his quarters probably at the different gates of the city, and no part of them is known to have been rescued by his co-religionists, but his apparel was obtained from the executioner for the Spanish Ambassador, who carried it as a relic to Spain.

An account of Father Garnet's straw does not belong to the story of his connection with the Gunpowder Plot, but we cannot close without a word on the controversy as to his innocence or guilt, which has been continued down to our own days.

¹ The Court explanation of their not being read was, that when Father Garnet saw the confessions ready, he preferred acknowledging them to having them published. But whereas "the relation of the execution, afterwards published by authority, and circulated with the garbled report of his trial, cannot be supposed to be impartial or accurate" (Jardine, 257), and much more because the points in question are directly contradicted by the confessions, we have not hesitated to follow the earlier and more veracious witness.

There can be no doubt that the calumnies, which were so sedulously spread against him during his imprisonment, had obtained extensive credence by the time of his death. But the composure and moderation he exhibited during that last scene and the temperateness of his speech, dissipated most of the rumours rife against him, and created a widespread sympathy with him and his cause. The Archpriest wrote in praise of his innocence and constancy to the Pope, the Spanish Ambassador openly proclaimed him to be a martyr. The French Ambassador likewise testified to his constancy and humility, though misunderstanding his confession of what he had done wrong.¹ Some years later Godfrey Goodman, Bishop of Gloucester, in his *Account of his Own Times*, left a curious disquisition on Father Garnet's case, entirely freeing him from blame.

Besides the assistance of these influential names, a more substantial service was rendered to Father Garnet's cause by the circulation in manuscript of reports of his trial and death by Catholic eye-witnesses. Neither were the Protestants on their side idle. Ambassadors abroad were instructed to inform their respective Courts of Father Garnet's guilt, and to request that writings in his defence might be confiscated as injurious to the King of England. A garbled account of the trial and death, on which we shall have often have to comment, was printed by authority, and translated by Camden into Latin, to be circulated abroad.

Soon the question reached a still greater notoriety by the use made of it by the great Cardinal Bellarmine in a work addressed to King James. The Cardinal's challenge was immediately taken up by a host of Protestant controversialists, the more important of whom were aided by the Government with the use of Father Garnet's authentic examinations and letters. To answer these the Catholics had the narratives of Father Gerard and Father Greenway,² who were accurately informed about all the proceedings before the discovery of the conspiracy. But what gave the Catholics their chief advantage over their adver-

¹ Michaud, sub art. Garnet, tells us that La Boderie afterwards gave direct testimony as to his martyrdom. But I cannot find the letter in his published despatches.

² Father Gerard's Narrative has been printed from the MS. at Stonyhurst by Father John Morris, in his *Condition of Catholics under James I.* Father Greenway's Italian translation of this (unfinished), with many additions, remains in MS. at Stonyhurst, but the chief points he had to add to the story are to be found in the *Apologia* of Father Eudæmon Joannes.

saries, was the intemperance with which the latter pushed their case. Not satisfied until they had made Father Garnet an utterly unnatural traitor, most men were driven to conclude that they had misused the authorities on which they pretended to argue. The accounts of the Catholics, therefore, founded on indisputable authority, and consistent with the probabilities of the case, were generally received. They do err indeed in one or two points, but on the whole they are eminently truthful, and are very remarkably supported by papers which have come to light in our own times.

On these lines the controversy continued, ever breaking out afresh when an anti-Catholic cry arose. At the time of the panic respecting Papal aggression, however, Mr. Jardine made a very important diversion in favour of Father Garnet's opponents. The coincidence of time indeed was, he says, accidental, but the value of his services to his side so far as the controversy was concerned was considerable. Having access to all the important papers concerning the Plot, he saw the necessity of rewriting the whole of the case against Father Garnet in an uncontroversial spirit. Abandoning therefore grosser charges of his predecessors, he was content to conclude that there was nothing inconsistent with Father Garnet's guilt, and very many things consistent with it. And if, nevertheless, in Mr. Jardine's own eyes such a verdict is equivalent to one of "Guilty," this only brings us back to the false reasoning which vitiates his history, the whole of which is based on the assumption that Father Garnet's guilt was always to be taken for granted. It cannot therefore surprise us to see the same error betrayed in the conclusion, and to find the verdict of "Not proven" referred, not as it should be to the truth of the accusation, but as it should not be, to the innocence of the accused.

Mr. Jardine's chief arguments, to which we have had occasion incidentally to reply, have been repeated since by Mr. Ewald and Mr. Hepworth Dixon, with some loss of cogency, but considerable accretion of picturesque detail, especially in the historical romance of the latter writer.

Finally, Mr. S. R. Gardiner has carefully gone over the whole ground, and though taking a much severer view of some points than we conceive to be deserved, concludes by entirely endorsing Father Garnet's defence, as being "in all probability the exact truth."

J. H. POLLEN.

To the Author of "She."

I.

I WEEN was never a more potent spell
Than thine, magician, in this weird romance.
For deeper minds, it leads no idle dance
Thro' realistic scenes; but ponders well
The mystery of Life: the rise and swell
Of Time's great tides: their promise—bright advance,
And pitiless ebb—which seems to mortal glance
So fate-fraught, and evokes melodious knell.
And what our sense of immortality?
Does it but mean we live again, again,
Re-incarnated, yet to cease at last?

Ah, Truth is a "veil'd goddess"¹ unto thee!
Tho' Hope and Love shine star-like not in vain
To guide thee upward from the groping past.

II.

Thou speakest of the Spirit Infinite
Whose hand hath set the myriad orbs of space
To run their courses. From His breath the race
Of man hath being, from His wisdom light.
Yet seemeth He to use His boundless might
In sporting with creation. We may trace
His presence, but shall never see His face;
And needs must worship His unquestion'd right.

¹ See the magnificent chapter headed "The Temple of Truth."

I gather such thy creed. Yet dost thou long
To rest in vision of the Perfect Good,
Fruition of the Beautiful, the True :
Wherein thy spirit, ever fresh and strong,
May sate its hunger on celestial food—
Knowledge and Love—with relish ever new.

III.

Then whence this longing ? Comes it not from Him
Who form'd thee ? Thou art conscious of a soul :
Then say not He hath made the crystal bowl
To break, nor rather fill it to the brim.
Thou wouldst not charge Him with caprice or whim ?
Yet, had He left us pressing tow'rd a goal
For ever out of reach, let ages roll—
No Word Divine where reason's light is dim,
No answer to the universal cry
Of children feeling for a Father's arms—
How were He God ? How Goodness Absolute ?
But God He is. And this the only why
That Knowledge doth not mock us with its charms,
And Love yields more than ashes for its fruit.

IV.

Not mine the thought too highly thou dost rate
The strength of love in Woman : tho' " Ustane."
Braves death for love, and deems it not in vain
Ev'n for another to have saved her mate ;
And " She," repentant " Ayesha,"¹ dares to wait
Two thousand years till he shall come again
Whom for his truth her jealous hand hath slain—
Nor, dying, calls a second age too late !

¹ Pronounced *Assha* (the author tells us).

If ever human love be "strong as death,"
 'Tis Woman's. Hers a patience, and a trust,
 A constancy, which prove the deeper heart :
 And most in Motherhood. I match my faith
 With thine in Woman's love. Do thou—'tis just—
 Match thine with mine in God's love ere we part.

V.

Whence got the Woman's heart its wondrous dower,
 If not from Him that made her ? But to give
 Is his who *hath*. In God, then, must it live,
 This tender love and true, this priceless power
 To bless in joy's, to soothe in sorrow's hour—
 This constancy, so patient to achieve
 A conquest, tho' so often doom'd to grieve
 O'er some frail prize that withers like a flower.

Yea, He who gave must have withal. And I
 Learn God's love more from Woman than from Man,
 From Mother than from Father. But with Him
 It cannot fail in purpose. Ah, then, why
 Wilt thou not trust it, tho' it work a plan
 That baffles us where reason's light is dim ?

VI.

Enough for me, that when He came to save
 His fallen world (to thee not unbeknown
 The Christian's lore), from Woman's heart alone
 He took the virginal ransom which He gave.

See Him a Babe in Bethlehem's stable-cave !
 Was ever winsome love so sweetly shown ?
 That Mother ? Will He keep her all His own—

The one pledge more our timid faith would crave ?

Ah no : He makes her from the very Cross

Our Mother, with a prayer that cannot fail—

A prayer that hold His mercy when He needs
Must judge us !

What if heresy spurn for dross

This chain of gold ? No truth hath more avail

With wisdom's children in the creed of creeds.

VII.

An one there is, true "Ayesha," Second Eve¹—

No fond ideal of what can never be,

Yet peerless Queen of womankind is She,

Past fairest all that poet-thought may weave.

Conceiv'd Immaculate ; chosen to conceive

Incarnate Godhead : Queen of chastity ;

Nor less of mercy, tho' herself so free

From shadow of stain ! Ah, did'st thou but believe

In this sweet Virgin, with her twofold love

Maternal—then, as mirror'd in a lake,

The beauty of God would feast thy happy sight :

Nor wouldst thou seek to pierce the skies above—

Content to trust a Goodness which could make

In darkling world such depths of perfect light !

THEOPHILUS.

¹ I understand that "Ayesha" means "Woman": that it was the name by which Adam called Eve (Gen. ii.), and by which our Lord twice addressed His Blessed Mother : (at the Marriage-feast, and from the Cross).

A Note about the Ghost in "Hamlet."

IN his interesting and charmingly written little book, *Jewels of the Mass*, the indefatigable Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has this passage:

Our own great poet who has touched all things, and the Catholic mysteries above all, with an unerring knowledge that is almost inspired, has left the best and most piteous image of the poor purgatorial soul and its sufferings. (p. 62.)

And then he gives an extract from the speech of the Ghost in *Hamlet*. Frequently have I heard this passage adduced as a proof that Shakespeare held the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, and that he meant to exhibit the "poor Ghost" as coming thence for awhile, and, at cock-crow, returning thither. What with the upheaval of the Reformation and the revival of the ancient learning of Greece and Rome, there was in Elizabeth's time a muddle of Christian tradition and pagan legend sufficient to provide Shakespeare with the material for creating the Ghost of Hamlet's father. The Ghost makes use of the ancient Catholic words "unhousel'd," "unanealed," and describes his murder to Hamlet thus:

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

Also he informs his son how he is bound

To fast in fires
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away.

But though this is consistent with a part of the true doctrine of Purgatorial suffering, yet the Ghost himself is rather a "goblin damned" than a "spirit of health," for the souls in Purgatory are joyfully suffering as being sure of Heaven at the end; and most certainly no soul in Purgatory, even if permitted to revisit "the glimpses of the moon"—and some souls (as I remember reading in a Saint's life, though I cannot just now give chapter

and verse for my authority) suffer a portion of their Purgatory after death in a particular spot on earth,—no soul in Purgatory could possibly cherish a thought of revenge, nor be permitted to return to earth in order to incite any one to commit murder. And this, be it remembered, is the sole object of the Ghost appearing to Hamlet. He says,

Avenge my foul and most unnatural murder.

And he goes on, perfectly alive to the heinousness of murder in the abstract,

Murder most foul as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Yet it is for the express purpose of urging his son to commit what in circumstances the most "extenuating," is a crime "most foul," that this Ghost—a most unprincipled ghost—has come from Purgatory! No, this Ghost came from the poet's brain; and he is nothing like so beneficent a ghost as is the melancholy shade of Cæsar who, emerging from the same fertile head-quarters, announces himself to Brutus as "his evil spirit," and solemnly warns his assassin that their next meeting will be at Philippi, when Brutus will come to him, not he to Brutus. And, by the way, this brief but awful apparition is a far grander conception than the communicative, loquacious, and remorselessly unforgiving ghost of Hamlet's father. Hamlet's father is "fasting in fires" like Dante's brother-in-law, Forese Donati, who, suffering among the gluttonous, utters no word of vengeance against the cooks who had assisted him to the grave of the *gourmand*. The Ghost of Hamlet's father is a malevolent spirit; he suited Shakespeare's purpose, and pleased a contemporary English audience, which wasn't quite clear as to what it believed on any subject, let alone the state of a soul immediately after death, neither bad enough for Hell nor good enough for Heaven.

That Shakespeare touched up his Ghost with what he had heard of "purgatorial fires" is as evident as that the Ghost's sentiments would be more in keeping with those of a pagan spectre in a Greek tragedy, than with those of a soul from Purgatory in a play where the *dramatis personæ*, as we see from the maimed rites at Ophelia's grave, are professedly Christian. The souls in Purgatory are "in a state of grace," as St. Catherine of Genoa writes, "knowing the Truth, and knowing therefore how grievous is any obstacle which hinders their approach to God."

Therefore it is that the souls in Purgatory "long," as Mr. Fitzgerald feelingly puts it, "for that drop of cold water to their tongues" which every Mass brings to them. "There is," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "something touchingly expressive in the form of this prayer which asks for the dead 'a place of refreshment, light, and peace,' and it has been pointed out that refreshment, or *refrigerium*, is a relief of a cooling kind suggested by the burning pains of their situation." The Ghost of Hamlet's father tells us of his awful sufferings without any alleviation, except during the few moments allowed for conversation with his son, which he very naturally protracts as much as possible; and yet there is one most important thing omitted by this Ghost, something that would have at once dispelled any doubts as to his orthodoxy, and that is, he forgets to ask Hamlet to have Masses said for the repose of his soul. Of course I am aware that he could not, consistently, have asked for a Mass and a murder in the same breath. He does indeed bid Hamlet "remember" him, but the meaning of this is as clear as that of the now familiar injunction to "remember Mitchelstown." The Ghost simply means, "Remember my murder and avenge it as quickly as possible, as I shan't be perfectly happy until you have stained yourself with crime and dispatched your uncle to—— well, to another place!" But had he been from Purgatory, a hopefully expiating, sorrowfully loving, Catholic ghost, he would have said, "Pray for me, my son, remember me before the altar, have Masses said for the repose of my soul. Let me taste the consolation of 'a place of refreshment, light, and peace.' Warn your mother and uncle of the awful peril they stand in. Implore her, and him through her, to repent before it is too late." Had Shakespeare clearly comprehended the true doctrine of Purgatory he could not have given us the ghost of a Catholic coming back to earth on a devilish errand.

F. C. B.

The Old Philosophy and Relativity of Knowledge.

A DEFENCE of the Peripatetic theory of matter may be essayed in two ways. We may compare together directly the rival systems, to find out which of them best agrees with the discoveries and theories of modern science. Or we may argue indirectly by confining our attention for a time to the higher problems of philosophy, which, being closely connected with the nature of matter, depend upon it in some degree for their solution. Obviously we cannot dispense altogether with the former method; and it might seem to claim a priority of treatment. Yet in the present paper we intend to neglect it, in order to present to our readers a psychological argument which, we venture to hope, they will think of considerable importance.

In approaching the question of the Relativity of Knowledge from the standpoint of Peripatetic philosophy, we feel that we are treading on safe ground. If there is a strong point in scholasticism it is, we have little hesitation in saying, its treatment of the Origin of Ideas. And this we suppose is the verdict in general of those who have given to the complete system a careful and a fair consideration.

The phrase Relativity of Knowledge is just one of those many phrases which, containing as they do, important elements of truth, are (in spite of, or perhaps we ought to say because of, that fact) pressed into the service of error. Mr. Herbert Spencer has accordingly adopted it as one of the first principles of his philosophy, and has thereby popularized it. And he has asserted¹ that to the principle contained in the phrase, Aristotle, St. Augustine, and Albertus Magnus, like other leaders of thought of nearly all schools, undoubtedly adhered. Now it is beyond question that there is a sense, or more than one sense, in which the Catholic Doctors would readily admit the principle of Relativity of Knowledge as most obviously true. But Mr. Spencer has forgotten to add that he attaches

¹ *First Principles*, p. 69, 3rd Edition.

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a meaning to the phrase which they would have flung from them with scorn and indignation.

Our knowledge is relative to ourselves ; because it is a part, and a not unimportant part, of ourselves. And it is an axiom of philosophy that *whatever is received, is received after the manner of the recipient*. Therefore our knowledge partakes necessarily in all the limitations and imperfections of our nature, whether they are common to us all as men and women, or are the special heritage of our own personality. No created intelligence can exhaust the knowableness of its object, however simple that object may be. For to know all that can be known, all that can be predicated, about anything, we must know all its actual and possible relations to everything else. A task which is plainly without limit, and which requires the all-embracing glance of the eye of God. And as for the shortcomings and the poverty of our own personal knowledge, surely all but those who are made purblind through pride of intellect are but too conscious that of themselves they know very little. There is the humility of faith that is sure enough of what it does know to make it willing to receive more from the gratuitous love of the Divine Teacher. There is also the obstinate arrogance of unbelief which while it dogmatizes about everything in Heaven and earth, glories in its Agnosticism, and is so certain that it knows nothing that it is unable to be taught anything.

To be brief, we admit that truth is many-sided, that our knowledge of it is but partial ; but yet we say that it is knowledge. It is never complete, and may be very incomplete ; but it is good as far as it goes. It is relative to ourselves ; but it has an absolute value.

This is something very different from the Relativity of Knowledge as explained by Mr. Spencer, and received as a first principle by the popular philosophers of the day. They vary indefinitely among themselves as to their views about the objects of thought and their explanation of the processes of thought ; but they are all agreed that we can know nothing directly except our own mental impressions. This agnostic notion, so contradictory to the primary judgments of common sense, is, as we hope to prove, only a plausible fallacy. But it is plausible, and not easy to refute, and it meets with a very wide acceptance both among thinking and unthinking people. When once it is believed, you can get just as much scepticism out of

it as suits your frame of mind and disposition. And with very little doubt it is in some way at the bottom of a great deal of the scepticism veiled or unveiled which prevails among us.

The popular form of this doctrine is not of course quite so systematic as that of the philosophers. It does not penetrate far into the difficulties of the subject, and does not seek to arrange the relations between subject and object. But practically it comes to much the same thing. Every one can tell you that the thinking mind is always necessarily confined to the subjective order, and can never pass out of it. There is no bridge by which to cross over to the order of the object. The most you can do is to go round and round in a circle. But the wisest thing is to march up and down like a caged bear, which at first will strike against the iron bars, but will learn after some time to measure its distances and at least outwardly become content with its lot. Suppose you have an idea about something, and you would like to know whether it truly corresponds, and how far, with its object. You will seek to compare it with the object. But the act of comparison is itself an internal act of your mind; and its term, the judgment you form, is also a part of yourself. How then have you got any farther? You may repeat the process till you are tired—the result will remain the same. Never can you really reach the object, and the sooner you get accustomed to your cage and like it, the more sensible you will be. You can never really know anything about the object, but only about your own processes, which you imagine to be conversant with it while they are really conversant with themselves. The true wisdom is to acknowledge your ignorance—to rest content with a *relative* knowledge. Can anything, we ask, be more specious than this?

Before proceeding to give our own treatment of the difficulty we must give some illustrations of their views from the professional Agnostics—taking their coryphæus in due order. And first we must remark that pure Idealism, which is the most consistent among the subjective systems, although it was first formulated by an Englishman, has never taken firm root in English soil. It is too glaringly opposed to common sense; and in England there will be always some to offer and many to grasp at forms of compromise, which, though they do more violence to logic, are less revolting to common sense, than extreme doctrines.

When Berkeley published his *Treatise concerning the Principles*

of *Human Knowledge*, it was in the hope to undo the work of Locke and his more materialistic followers. They were reducing all the phenomena of nature to matter and motive, and he replied by proving that these in turn were both reducible to consciousness. He wrote:¹

Some truths are so near and obvious to the mind that a man need only open his eyes to see them. Such I take this to be that all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world have not any substance without a mind; that their being is to be perceived or known, that consequently so long as they are not actually perceived by me, or do not exist in my mind, or that of any other created spirit, they must either have no existence at all or else subsist in the mind of some eternal spirit.

This was plainly in the interests of theology, which he desired to build upon the ruin of existences external to the thinking subject. The constructive part of his work did not stand much wear and tear, though Malebranche and the Ontologistic school did what they could for it; but his influence as a destroyer has proved immense and lasting. In Germany Kant worked upon his ideas, and by his influence paved the way for Transcendental Idealism, to which the Teutonic mind adhered for two generations without wavering. In England the tendency has been to fall back upon Locke, but with his conclusions pushed further home by Berkeley's method. That is to say, Locke had asserted that there is no reality in what he called *secondary* qualities, as colour, taste, smell, and the like, beyond what we attribute to them by mistake. This is extended by modern thinkers to the *primary* qualities of extension, motion, number, and so on. Mill, it is well known, denied that anything exists except sensations and the possibility of sensations. And Mr. Huxley, in criticizing Berkeley's conclusions, declares² that his reasoning is irrefragable; but that Locke goes practically as far as Berkeley, when he admits that "the simple ideas we receive from sensation and reflection are the boundaries of our thoughts, beyond which the mind is not able to advance one jot."³ And his ultimate conclusion is:

While it is the summit of human wisdom to learn the limit of our faculties, it may be wise to recollect that we have no more right to make denials, than to put forth affirmatives, about what lies beyond

¹ *Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge*, part i. § 6.

² "The Metaphysics of Sensation," *Critiques and Addresses*, p. 347.

³ *Essay on the Human Understanding*, bk. ii. ch. xxiii. § 29.

that limit. Whether either mind or matter, has a "substance" or not, is a problem which we are incompetent to discuss.¹

This is one form of Agnosticism; Mr. Spencer's is a little different. He argues vigorously against the supposition that the external universe does not exist; but he maintains that we cannot possibly know anything about its real character. This we think is the more popular view; and that not merely on account of Mr. Spencer's authority, but because it is so difficult for the average Englishman, even though he be an agnostic, to believe that his bread and cheese is wholly a figment of his mind. We now proceed to give some extracts from Mr. Spencer's works, which will both illustrate his theory, and show how he shelters it under the title of the Relativity of Knowledge. In his *First Principles*² he says:

If then *life in all its manifestations*, inclusive of intelligence in its highest forms, *consists in the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations*, the necessarily *relative character of our knowledge* becomes obvious. The simplest cognition being the establishment of some connexion between subjective states answering to some connexion between objective agencies . . . it is clear that the process, no matter how far it be carried, can never bring within the reach of intelligence, either the states themselves or the agencies themselves.

We content ourselves with saying in passing that, even though the definition of *life* here offered could be accepted (and it is at least obscure, not to say very imperfect), the conclusion is not warranted. It depends on how the connexion between the states *answers* to the connexion between the agencies.

In his *Principles of Psychology*³ he says:

The truth is that though internal feeling habitually depends on external agent, yet there is no likeness in them either in kind or in degree. The connexion between objective cause and subjective effect is conditioned in ways extremely complex and variable. . . . It would be needless to say that the relation between the outer agent and the inner feeling generated by it depends on the structure of the species.

How true all this is if properly understood, and explained according to common sense! That it is not so intended will be clear from the following,⁴ which occurs a little lower down.

We are brought to the conclusion that what we are conscious of

¹ *Ibid.* p. 350.

² *First Principles*, 3rd Edition, p. 85.

³ *Principles of Psychology*, 2nd Edition, p. 194.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 206.

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as properties of matter, even down to its weight and resistance, are but subjective affections produced by objective agencies that are unknown and unknowable.

The importance of the subject will perhaps be sufficient excuse for us to give extracts from one more representative thinker, the late Dr. Carpenter. In the Preface to his *Mental Physiology*, he says :¹

We know nothing about matter, as Berkeley demonstrated, except by inference from the manner in which its states affect our consciousness ; itself we do not perceive, we are not conscious of it.

And again :²

It is now generally admitted that we neither know nor can know anything of *matter*, save through the medium of the impressions it makes on our senses ; and those impressions are only derived from the forces of which matter is the vehicle. . . . What is ordinarily regarded as its distinctive characteristics, its extension or occupation in space, we know only as an inference from our own sense-perceptions.

This extract especially is useful, not only as a clear statement of the view we are combating, but as a specimen of the sort of reasoning by which it is upheld. Because we know matter *through the medium* of our sense-impressions, therefore we only know it *as an inference* from our sense-perceptions ! Let us see now whether these are convertible propositions.

Suppose a mother looks for the first time on her infant's face, and then presses it to her heart. She has gained a new knowledge through the senses of her child. The question before us is, Does this knowledge represent to her in the first place the child as it exists in the external order—a true knowledge as far as it goes ; or does it represent to her in the first place certain subjective states of her own mind from which she infers—it may be rightly or it may be wrongly—that there is a child and that she is looking upon it and caressing it ?

We answer that by no means in the first place, and it may be not at all, does she think of herself. Her thoughts, like her external acts, are directed to the child, and, as is more natural, though not necessary, to it alone. For the mind may reflect upon its own act ; and then in our case, if the mother is rather unnatural and very well versed in the Spencerian metaphysics, she may find it hard enough to prove to herself that she really

¹ P. xxi.

² Ch. i. § 10.

knows that she has a child at all. And the fallacy of our opponents consists precisely in a confusion between the truth of our direct knowledge, and our reflex knowledge of this truth. Of the former there is no doubt, and the mind can have no doubt. But the latter is not so easy to establish as a matter of speculation. When we are conscious that our perceptive faculty is in its normal state and is conducting itself in a normal way, we are conscious also that it is, at least up to a certain point, doing its work faithfully and giving a correct representation of its object.¹ And so long as it confines itself to the direct act of perception, and does not begin to reason upon the nature of the act, it cannot get rid of the consciousness that the representation is (under the limitations we have pointed out) correct.

Mr. Huxley, though very unwillingly, seems to bear witness to our statement; and as it is a matter of fact, with which he is much more at home than with psychological theories, his testimony is deserving of all credit.

He says: ²

I confess that this assertion [that colours do not appear to be at any distance from us] appears to me to be utterly unaccountable. I have made endless experiments on this point, and by no effort of imagination can I persuade myself, when looking at a colour, that the colour is in my mind, and not at a "distance off," though of course I know perfectly well, as a matter of reason, that colour is subjective.

How he knows anything at all perfectly well, if all his knowledge is but a subjective impression, we cannot even guess. Perhaps this is also one of those numerous problems which "we are incompetent to discuss."

Now we are in a better position to consider Dr. Carpenter's argumentation, to which all the other statements of the non-objective value of perception, imposing as they seem to be, may be reduced. "Because we know objects only through the medium of sense-impressions, therefore we only know them as an inference drawn from sense-perceptions." A mere sophism, unconscious no doubt, but none the less a sophism. To prove that it is so, let us premise that an *inference from*

¹ Aristotle expresses very forcibly the power of the mind to represent to itself its various objects. In *De Anim.* iii. 8, *c.g.*, he says: ἡ ψυχὴ τὰ ὄντα πῶς ἐστὶ πάντα . . . ἔστι δ' ἡ ἐπιστήμη μὲν τὰ ἐπιστητὰ πῶς, ἡ δ' αἰσθησις τὰ αἰσθητὰ. But lest this statement should be abused by idealists, he soon adds: οὐ γὰρ ὁ λίθος ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ, ἀλλὰ τὸ εἶδος.

² *l.c.* p. 341.

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a sense-perception can only mean knowledge gained by reasoning from the previous knowledge of a sense-impression.

Now let us apply the argumentation to something else. Suppose a captain on parade shouts to his company their word of command. Certainly they gain a perception of this word, and they gain it by the medium of certain disturbances of the atmosphere which are known in acoustics as sound-waves. Is their knowledge of the word of command an inference which they draw from their previously-acquired knowledge of acoustics? Poor captain! methinks thou wilt shout in vain!

Again, I get a letter through the medium of the post. May I read it at once, or, before hoping to arrive at its meaning, must I thoroughly master the arrangements and the methods and the finance and all the machinery of the vast and complicated system of the Post Office? Because my knowledge which comes through that medium, must be an inference drawn from the knowledge of that medium.

Again, the whole reasoning of the subjective philosophers comes to this, that you could not possibly have seen Pepper's ghost without perceiving the plate-glass mirror which was the medium for exhibiting it. Where, then, was there any illusion? But it may be objected that spectators suffered illusion just because they did not allow for the medium. They ought to have reasoned, We see the ghost *if* there is no deception practised; or better, *We seem* to ourselves to see the ghost, but we know nothing about it. We reply, No such thing. They did see the ghost, and they saw it through the medium which they did not see. That is enough to prove our point. It is an imperfect illustration, because perception is a vital act, which is a medium of a far higher order than any mere material substance. But we can here easily distinguish between the direct and the reflex act, which is just what our opponents fail to do in the case of perception. In the direct act of the spectators there was and could be no mistake. If they went on to reason about their vision of the ghost, they could not be sure that they were not deceived, unless they could prove, or were justified in presupposing, that no deception was practised upon them. Now we admit as much for perception. By the direct act, we perceive not our perception, but its object. This is the main point. But when we come to the reflex act, that is if we want to reason about the truth of our perception, then we must either prove or presuppose that the faculties of our

mind (when there is nothing abnormal in their condition or their use), are calculated to do their work. We cannot prove it, any more than we can seek to disprove it, without assuming that some at least of the faculties of our mind are calculated to bring us to the truth. But we are quite justified in presupposing it, and indeed must do so, unless we deliberately elect to stultify ourselves. We have plenty of analogy to strengthen us in our supposition. Nature and even art are prodigal of delicate processes in which there is a more or less perfect adaptation of the means to the end.

But enough. If, as we claim to have proved, the reasoning of idealists, sceptics, positivists, and agnostics, about the nature of perception, is grossly at fault; then healthy common sense may be expected to revive, and the belief of the unsophisticated about the objects of their sense, in the absence of all reason to the contrary, may be left in tranquil possession.

Therefore, if practical certainty was all that concerned us, we might stop here. But philosophy has not said its last word. It professes not merely to assure us that we have cognizance of the world around, but also to explain to us in some sort how this comes about. And when we seek to analyze perception a little more deeply, we find that it is a far-reaching problem.

That "there is nothing in the understanding which has not been previously in sensation"¹ is the key-note of Aristotle's psychology. The whole treatise is but a development and an explanation of the formula. In itself it is a simple statement, and most unquestionably true, in accordance with experience no less than science. And yet to explain it is not without difficulty. For there is the Scylla of idealism on the one hand, and the Charybdis of materialism on the other. And both must be avoided. The spirituality of ideas, as well as their origin in sensation, has to be maintained. For clearness' sake, though it does not fall directly within the scope of our argument, we will give a brief outline of the system.

¹ We do not know that this axiom occurs explicitly in Aristotle, but it is contained equivalently in his writings. For instance, in the *Anal. Post.* ii. 19, he says, δῆλον δὲ ὅτι ἡμῖν τὰ πρῶτα ἐπαγωγῇ γνωρίζειν ἀναγκαῖον καὶ γὰρ καὶ αἰσθησις οὕτω τὸ καθόλου ἐμποιεῖ. Again, in the *De Anim.* iii. 8, speaking of θεωρία, a purely intellectual process, he says, ὅταν τε θεωρῇ, ἀνάγκη ἅμα φάντασμά τι θεωρεῖν, and again, οὐδὲ τᾶλλα [νόηματα] φαντάσματα, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἄνευ φαντασμάτων. The *phantasms* of Aristotle are of course the result of sense-perception. In the *Metaph.* lib. iii. he implies the same doctrine.

There are two sorts of human knowledge; not necessarily separate, but essentially distinct; the one prior by nature to the other. There is sensation, or sense-perception, shared by the body and the soul, which is a material and extended representation, in the bodily senses, of material and extended objects. And there is intellection, or spiritual knowledge, in which the senses take no direct part, but which is an immaterial and unextended representation by the spiritual faculties of objects which are thereby stripped of extension and materiality.

Suppose I take up and examine a sovereign. My touch is conscious of the presence of a hard and heavy and cold and round and small and rather smooth object, but rough round the edges. My eyes discern also that it is of a golden colour, and has stamped on it among other objects a woman's head. If I consider one of these qualities by itself, say the roundness, I may form to myself the idea of a circle, which when analyzed turns out to be that of a plane figure whose periphery is equidistant from a given point. In such an idea, with such an analysis, (which certainly may be formed when contemplating a round thing) there is not any extension or materiality. For these connote some particular part of space either in fact or in representation, and the analysis does not contain in thought (much less in fact) any particular plane figure, any particular periphery, not even any particular point, though one bearing always a fixed relation to its periphery. Here then is spiritual knowledge or intellection. But I need not thus go on to consider any one of the qualities by itself, and in its own nature. I may simply contemplate or represent to myself the sovereign with its sensible qualities as it exists in my hand. I then confine myself to forming a mental picture of the object, which picture is as material as a photograph. This is the act of perception.¹ The other act which we have described, that of intellection, depends upon this one, and is always in a certain sense derived from it. How this can be, how the higher can be derived from the lower, is an interesting problem, but it does not properly concern us. Suffice it to say that the intellect produces the act itself; avails itself of the previously-acquired sensitive knowledge as a means to do so; but is not acted upon or

¹ We do not intend to consider the question whether it is physically possible for the mind to perceive a sensible thing without forming any idea about it. It would be difficult to establish such a thesis. We are simply attending to one act which is prior in nature, and leaving the other out of consideration.

driven by the lower faculties of sense, as they are acted upon and driven forward by their external objects.¹ What does concern us is this previous act of perception by the lower faculties. The more so because the higher act is a sort of repetition of perception. The same processes are gone through again, though in a higher sphere, and therefore with more of self-determination and less of passivity. And by establishing the objective value of the act of perception (inasmuch as this is true knowledge, though not distinctively human, but common to us with the brutes), we shall thereby have established the bridge by which to escape. In other words, we shall have proved that at least some of our knowledge is not merely relative to ourselves, but also (as far as it goes) absolutely good and true.

We have made two statements which now want to be reconciled. We noticed above that sensitive cognition is a vital act, which means that the mind exerts activity upon itself; now we speak of its being driven to its act by the material object, which implies that its condition is passive. The harmony of these two statements is of importance in the philosophy of Perception. The faculty by itself is incomplete, and unable to produce its act. It is acted upon by its object, and thus rendered complete to do its work. It first receives an impression from the object, and in this it is passive; then it reacts and expresses in itself the same object. The first part of the process is not sensation, and cannot be distinguished by direct cognition: its existence is therefore discovered by the reflex act of scientific analysis.

Clearly, however, all the objective value that the act of perception contains is due to the impression received by the faculty from the object—the first part of the process; while the vitality of the act is due to the second part, or the reaction of the faculty, and this is in a certain sense the effect of the first part. This *impression* from the object is commenced, in the case of vision, in the retina of the eye; a point of some importance

¹ In *De Anim.* ii. 5, Aristotle is quite clear as to the senses being acted upon by their object. He says the process is ἀλλοίωσις τις. He points out that sensation may be either *in potentia* or *in actu*, and that we speak of the act either as τὸ πάσχειν or as τὸ ἐνεργεῖν. Also that πάντα πάσχει καὶ κινεῖται ὑπὸ τοῦ ποιητικοῦ καὶ ἐνεργείᾳ ὄντος. Perception is the assimilation of the thing acted on to the agent: πάσχει μὲν οὖν οὐχ ὅμοιον ὄν, πεπονθὸς δ' ὁμοίωται καὶ ἔστιν ὅλον ἐκείνο. He illustrates this by a reference to *De Gener. et Corrupt.* i. 7, where he explains this point at greater length; διὸ καὶ εὐλογον ἦδη τό τε πῦρ θερμαίνειν καὶ τὸ ψυχρὸν ψύχειν, καὶ ὅλως τὸ ποιητικὸν ὁμοιοῦν ἑαυτῷ τὸ πάσχον.

to our argument, because we have in it a sort of demonstration of the faithfulness of the process,¹ at least in its inception.

Now we are met by another difficulty, which it is the main purpose of this article to meet. According to our philosophy the soul, being the form of the body, is the source of all, at least the vital, activities.¹ It is therefore the source of perception, and how can it be determined to perform that act by the influence of a material object upon the senses? We are here face to face with the problem of the union of the soul with the body; one which we stated in a former article to be the capital question of philosophy, because it is the key to so many other questions.

Now our readers will have observed that we stated matter to be a lifeless, inert, and passive principle, which can have no activity except by union with another principle physically distinct from itself. We might have added that it cannot even exist without that other principle, as such a thing would be perfectly otiose, and therefore an anomaly in nature. It is of itself an incomplete substance, and naturally exacts from nature that it should have a complement of some sort. And every other possible doctrine about matter without exception supposes it to be of itself a complete substance, either endowed with its own activities, or finding them in a local movement imparted to it by some means or other.

It follows from these statements that the peripatetic system supposes a closer union between soul and body than can be supposed in any other way. For to unite with something that is incomplete in order to complete it, is a much closer union than to be superadded to something that is already complete *under the same respect*. And in the present case, the body would be complete under the respect of substance, while the soul would be superadded in order to make a new substance—that of man.

We may apply this consideration to our subject. For we know from experience that one material substance, such as the object of perception, can act upon another in the most varied

¹ A good deal has been written on the question why the image on the retina is inverted without affecting the mental picture. We do not intend to discuss the point, as we think no difficulty can come from it except owing to a confusion of ideas. We do not see the image on the retina.

² This much at least was defined in the Council of Vienne by Clement the Fifth, and again in a stronger form by Pius the Ninth. We do not desire to enter into the purely theological controversy as to the exact import of the definitions, or as to how far they favour the particular doctrine about the nature of matter which it is our endeavour to defend on philosophical grounds.

ways according to the nature of the two substances and the concrete relations existing between them. But if our doctrine about matter is true, the soul, which is the source of perception, enters into the sense-faculty, not merely as a vital principle superadded to the material substance, but as a constitutive part of the material substance itself. Consequently we have a single principle immediately acted upon by the external material object and in turn eliciting the act of perception. Thus we have one principle which unites in itself the whole causation of the act; which gives the act its objective value (deriving it of course from the natural activity of the object) and also its vitality. Whereas it is evident that the contrary is true, if we suppose in the sense-faculty, two principles not merely distinct, but of such an utterly diverse order that it is exceedingly difficult to understand how they can concur in a single act. The material principle (if we may so call it) would no doubt be acted upon by the object, but how this in turn would affect the vital principle which is of a higher order, we are at a loss to imagine. Let it not be objected that this is the very problem we have to meet further on, in dealing with spiritual cognition, for as Suarez points out,¹ when once the vital principle has derived its knowledge straight from the object, the same principle may be easily supposed to transmute that knowledge into a higher form of cognition. In the one case the bridge from matter to spirit is ready at hand; in the other it is simply wanting.

We are then quite prepared to admit that, suppose this position had to be abandoned owing to its incompatibility with science, the logical argument which we have given above, as to the Relativity of Knowledge, would remain unimpaired. We should simply be constrained to say, as our adversaries do say, that cognition is a mystery, about the physical nature of which nothing can be safely affirmed. Meanwhile we hope that we shall be allowed to reassert that one potent reason for clinging to the scholastic theory of matter is, that it points away from the path that leads by the Relativity of Knowledge to the quagmire of absolute and soul-destroying scepticism.

¹ "Dependentia provenit ex imperfectione status, in quo intellectus non recipit species, nisi dum actu phantasia operatur, et *ambe potentie in eadem anima radicantur*," etc. (Suarez, *De Anim.* lib. iv. cap. 8. n. iv.)

The Religious Aspects of Goethe's "Faust."

THE religious tone of the eighteenth century, outside, that is, of the Catholic Church, was either one of a vague, general morality, or else a philosophic pantheism, one which while admiring all that was beautiful in Christianity, denied utterly and entirely its Divine origin. Underlying the moralism of "orthodox" Protestantism, was the burning but misguided zeal of such men as Whitfield and Wesley, men who adopted, as far as their bitter antagonism to Catholicism would permit, the methods and practices of the great "revivalist" of the middle ages, St. Francis of Assisi. On the other hand, the "broad" or Pantheistic school, had a tendency, more or less strong in different individuals, to a mere philosophic indifference to all religion, or a bitter scoffing antipathy to all forms of faith whatever. The dividing line is sometimes very faint, at other times it is very marked. Some of these philosophers have left, amid all the evil, influences and traces of real good; some, most of them, only evil; some, veritable incarnations of wickedness in their day and generation, have vanished from the arena of strife between faith and infidelity, as utterly as the foul vapours of some noisome swamp before the bright beams of the noonday sun.

But among all the great philosophic names of the eighteenth century one stands first and pre-eminent. Others have played great parts in the mighty Drama, but their influence is comparatively limited. There is one master-mind, whose power over his fellows whether for good or for evil, is unrivalled; whose lightest word, spoken in jest or earnest, carries a greater weight than the utterances of any among them, whose influence, not only over his own age, but over every succeeding generation of thoughtful minds is something unparalleled. Goethe, poet, philosopher, and romancer; at the same time, and almost in the same breath, Pantheist, deist, scoffer and libertine, combines, as none other ever can or did, all the characteristics, whether noble or

baneful of his century; now orthodox, now heretical, now uttering the purest and loftiest sentiments of morality, the next moment prostituting his vast genius by pandering to the vilest passions of a swinish humanity; now a reviler of priests and of Holy Church, and the next moment singing hymns which the Catholic Saint might almost envy for their beauty; this strange man unites in himself the philosophy of Kant, Schopenhauer, and Spinoza, with poetic powers second only to those of Shakspeare, and a talent for romance surpassed only by that of Scott. There are depths in his writings to be fathomed only by long familiarity and much earnest study, gems of philosophy, homely sayings which have become proverbial, beauties of poetry which hold the very heart spellbound. And yet, amid it all, underlying all, like a discordant note in a majestic harmony, is the evil influence of his evil life.

A man is judged by his writings. Those of Goethe are almost as multifarious as those of Shakspeare or Scott, and it would be impossible to gather out from all his works, a clear, distinct conception of his attitude towards religion. The best and fairest criterion can be formed by selecting that one of all his works which is acknowledged by common consent to be his master-piece. Just as, in the case of Shakspeare we choose *Hamlet* as the culmination of his genius, or in that of Scott we recognize *Ivanhoe* as the very *beau ideal* of romance, so, in discussing Goethe, we pass by writings in themselves deserving of a foremost place in the muster-roll of human triumphs to name one which stands out pre-eminent among all that has ever been written since the days of Shakspeare.

Among the many quasi-mystical legends of the later middle ages, remnants, most probably, of the older "Miracle Plays," there is none more widely known than that of *Doctor Faustus and the Devil*. The plot was remarkably simple, and bore a remarkable family likeness to that of the other "Mysteries," as the Miracle Plays were generally called, one of the most characteristic of which, by the way, has been preserved by Longfellow in his *Golden Legend*. The *dramatis personæ* were the doctor, the fiend, and the innocent victim, the iniquitous bargain always formed a principal part of the plot, together with the sufferings of the poor maiden, and the finale invariably brought the disappearance into the bottomless pit of the fiend and the doctor. It is a crude conception of "poetical justice"—another and simpler instance of which may be found, to this

day, in the "Punch and Judy" shows. These latter, originating in the Italian republics, and especially in Florence, were popular parodies of the "Miracle Plays" then long fallen into contempt.¹ Legends such as these have a wonderful vitality, and linger in some rude form long after their original signification, and even their origin itself have been forgotten.

It has been the task of many famous writers to preserve, and embody in some more or less modified form these ancient remnants of an almost forgotten folk-lore. It has been a labour of great value both to civilization itself, by rescuing from oblivion the faint traces of older forms of human thought and human manners, and has added incalculably to the interesting studies of history, by presenting in an attractive guise pictures of a past of which we should otherwise be unable to form any true conceptions. Whether this is what Homer did is more or less uncertain, but it is at all events probable that he embodied in their present form legends much more ancient. Heinrich Heine, in his intense love of the many legends of the Rhineland and of the fisher-folk, wove into exquisite musical ballads their crude jingling rhymes; Scott, a descendant himself of the old "moss-troopers" and freebooters, gathered together the half-forgotten legends of the romantic Borderland, and, with his matchless genius, made of them such poems as the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. It was a similar task which Goethe accomplished in many of his writings. The simplest form of this was the modernizing of *Reynard the Fox*, a fable as old as the Teutonic race itself.² In *Egmont* he has recorded the gallant struggle of Dutch independence against Spanish tyranny, in *Götz von Berlichingen* the frantic desperate rising of the oppressed peasantry against the cruelty of the feudal Barons. But it is with the crude imperfect legend of *Doctor Faustus and the Devil* that he has dealt most freely and most successfully. From such scanty material as this his mighty genius has woven a tragedy almost without an equal, inferior only to *Hamlet*, a tragedy full of the deepest philosophy, the most exquisite poetry, the tenderest pathos of unmerited suffering, and the most perfect acquaintance with the intricate workings of human nature.

The plan of the tragedy, as Goethe designed it, differs of course materially from the original legend, and also from the

¹ For further account of this subject see Scott, *The Abbot*.

² On the subject of these "Animal-Fables" see Joel Chandler Harris, Introduction to *Uncle Remus*, and compare the Fables of Æsop and of Lafontaine.

plot of the Opera as generally presented. The Almighty Himself speaks of Faust, in the "Prologue in Heaven," as His faithful, though erring servant, and gives Mephistopheles permission to assail him with temptation only during his lifetime, saying, "Man needs must err so long as he shall live." Mephistopheles accepts the challenge, and hence the agreement with Faust. In all this, with the great exception of the iniquitous bargain, we can trace a curious resemblance to another tragedy, one of the oldest, and, certainly, the most mysterious in the history of mankind—namely, the Book of Job. With all its flippant profanity, it would be too harsh a judgment to apply the name of "parody" to *Faust*. Goethe, with his scepticism, of course did not admit the inspiration of the Book of Job, but he saw in it the plan on which, with considerable modifications, he might model his adaptation of an old legend to purposes of deep metaphysical teaching. On the narrow foundation of the original "mystery," he built up a superstructure almost stupendous in its varied beauty and magnificence. The plot itself, omitting the superfluous additions of a German, and of a mythological *Walpurgis Night*, additions in themselves of marvellous beauty, and evincing a scholarship of no ordinary depth, but entirely irrelevant to the main subject, we find to be as follows :

1. Prologue in Heaven : This part seems copied, in its outlines at least, almost entirely from the Book of Job. The scene opens with the Angelic Hymn, of which we shall have more to say later. Mephistopheles appears before the Almighty, and the agreement is made by which Faust is to be assailed by his temptations during his lifetime.

2. The Tragedy itself (part 1). Faust makes the agreement with Mephistopheles, *subject to one condition*, which constitutes the greatest difference between the older legends and Goethe's version. In the scene in which the agreement is made the following lines occur, which give the key to the whole tragedy :

Meph. I give to thee, what none beside has seen.
Faust. And what, poor devil, canst thou give to me?
Was ever heart of man, with all its strivings
Yet fully understood by one like thee?
Yet hast thou food which cannot satisfy.
Hast ruddy gold that, restless, runs away
Like mercury from out the clutching hand ;
A game of chance where no man ever wins,
A maiden, who, while sitting by my side

Strives to entice my neighbour with her eyes. . . .

Show me the fruit that withers ere it fall

And trees with foliage new from day to day.

Meph. Such an endeavour cannot frighten me. . . .

Faust. Yet, canst thou flatter me but once to be

Content with self, canst thou but only once

Fill me with perfect pleasure—let that be

My latest day. This is my wager.

Meph. Done!

The condition, in short, is that Faust is to have some one moment of perfect happiness, unalloyed by any misgiving of pessimist philosophy. If Mephistopheles should fail to fulfil this condition, the agreement becomes null and void.

Goethe, true to the traditions of his dreary, hopeless philosophy, held that perfect unmixed happiness is impossible and unattainable in the present conditions of human existence. The tragedy proceeds on the familiar lines, the story is well known. It differs from other versions only in the fulness of its details—details which will come under consideration later when we proceed to examine more closely the religious aspects of the tragedy.

After Margaret's death the second part begins. Faust is hurried through the "pomp and circumstance" of the German Emperor's court, through the secrets of the most ancient mythology, through the wild orgies of a Thessalian "Witches' Sabbath." Every form imaginable of the "lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life" is granted to him, and yet, through it all, we hear him uttering in plaintive, continual undertone, dominating the whole cadence of the triumphal march, *vanitas omnia, omnia vanitas*. Mephistopheles fails to fulfil the agreement, and the end begins to close in. Faust, envying in vain the perfect contentment of a peasant and his wife (Baucis and Philemon) becomes utterly weary of existence, and lies down to die. There is a celestial vision, to be described more fully presently, and the soul of Faust, in accordance with the original purpose of the Almighty, is rescued from the power of the fiend.

Such is a brief outline of the tragedy. It is full of the most beautiful passages, the most exquisite ideas and expressions. It is as untranslatable as old Homer himself, yet in considering its religious tone, we must necessarily give examples. Such as they are, the translations are original, and the writer, while apologizing for their manifold shortcomings, offers them simply

as illustrations of the subject. To any one who desires a more intimate acquaintance with the beauties of *Faust*, he recommends a careful earnest study of the original. True, *Faust* has, most deservedly, a more than doubtful reputation. It is marred, even in the very midst of its most beautiful passages, by flippant blasphemy which makes us shudder and turn pale, by foul insinuations and still fouler pictures, but, even with all its faults, it will be found, that "like a toad, ugly and venomous," it too "wears yet a precious jewel." Not one gem, but many will be found in the dunghill of a bad man's misused, misdirected genius. Goethe was "wise in his generation" and knew full well that in the treasure-house of Catholic devotion were to be found gems "of purest ray serene" such as he might seek in vain elsewhere. In considering the religious "aspects" of *Faust*, we shall find many of these "precious jewels," stolen from the unity of Catholic truth, and placed in a strange incongruous setting of his own, like jewels from the shrine of a Saint, borne off to deck the shameless forehead of some imperial harlot.

The religious tone of *Faust* has three distinct phases: Pantheism, Deism, Catholicism. The philosophy of the eighteenth century, while utterly "unorthodox," and only too frequently, flippant and profane, had a marvellous power of assimilating all that was beautiful in the various phases of human belief, especially the beauties of the Catholic faith. Goethe, the very embodiment of the highest form of this philosophy, has left us many most striking examples of this. To sterner minds this eclecticism savours somewhat of the sentimental. "Mysticism" would be a more exact definition—we must not rashly condemn as sentimental what does not exactly accord with our preconceived ideas. Faust, driven to meditate suicide by utter weariness of all his studies, in nature, in theology, and in magic, and moved to tears and renewed hope by the sound of Easter bells and Easter carols, has "one touch of nature" that unites him to many a world-weary heart. Sentimental it may be, but it is true and beautiful nevertheless.

We consider first then the Pantheism of *Faust*, which we find to be the true, half mystical, nature worship of the later philosophers. How far Goethe himself was a Pantheist is uncertain; we know only this, that there is a ring of realism in all the deep yearning, aspirations of Faust towards higher things than those of sense. Such lines as the following have the true

Pantheistic sound, the "high intuition" rising, at one moment, far above the lower nature, the next, falling, Icarus-like, into the very abyss of pessimism.

Faust (log.). Spirit of Power ! Thyself hast given me all
 For which I asked Thee, not in vain, Thy Face
 Hast Thou in fire turned towards me, Thou
 Hast given me Nature for inheritance,
 With powers to enjoy her ; not alone
 A cold brief glance didst Thou allow me, rather
 Didst grant me deep within her gentle breast
 To gaze, as in the bosom of a friend. . . .
 Oh that to man can nothing perfect be
 I now must learn ; for Thou, amid my joy
 Which brings me ever nearer to the Gods,
 Gav'st as companion him, whom I no more
 Can do without, what though he, cold and coarse,
 Abases me before myself, and then,
 With but one word, turns all Thy gifts to naught.

We can trace here the beginning of the discontent, which grows as the tragedy proceeds. But the Pantheism rises at times into the region of the purest Deism, the Deism of the Neo-Platonist.¹ It reminds us of Pope's "Universal Hymn,"² and yet it is something still grander. It is a strong, earnest, though erring soul, "feeling after God, if haply it might find Him ;" erring as Job did, and in the end, like Job, triumphant. Let us listen to his own words, the echo, possibly, of Goethe's most secret thoughts :

Margaret. Dost thou believe in God ?

Faust. My darling, who may say
 " I believe in God ? "

Ask it of wise man or of priest
 And their answer seems to be
 Only a bitter mockery
 Of him who asks.

Margaret. Then thou dost not believe ?

Faust. Mistake me not . . .
 For who may speak His Name
 And who proclaim

" I believe in Him ? "
 Who may reflect, and take upon himself
 To say, " I believe Him not ? "

¹ Cf. Charles Kingsley's *Hyppatia*.

² Especially the first stanza :

Father of all ! in ev'ry age,
 In ev'ry clime adored ;
 By saint, by savage or by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.

The All Container
The All Sustainer,
Contains He not,
Sustains He not,
Me, thee, Himself? . . .
I have no name for this;
Feeling is everything
And name is empty sound.

This is the true vague Deism of the eighteenth century. Words to them were arbitrary symbols, feeling alone was everything. No wonder they admitted many of the most beautiful ideas of Catholicism, especially, as we shall see later, devotion to our Blessed Lady; though even this was degraded into a weak, effeminate humanitarianism, whereby the "ever womanly" was brought into unhallowed contradistinction with the sterling, perfect "manliness" of the Incarnate God. Notwithstanding this misuse of a gem of Catholic truth, which is only what we might expect at such hands, we cannot fail to admire the gem itself in spite of its utterly incongruous surroundings. The jewel is there, even though the hand that tore it from its true place in the sacred treasury of the Church, be the hand of a scoffer at all the deeper mysteries of revelation.

But the religious tone of *Faust* rises to something higher than mere Deism. Considering who and what Goethe was, how he has been defined by a great English writer¹ as "a Spinozist who did not follow Spinoza," his power of entering into the very inmost sanctuary of Catholic devotion, seems, whatever his motive may have been, to be something almost incredible. The following quotations, read by themselves, might sound like the utterances of some Catholic poet, whereas, appearing as they do, side by side with, and in the midst of awful profanities, and obscene jests, they remind us of pure, spotless lilies growing, as we have, perhaps, seen them grow, out of the corruption of a corpse.

In the "angelic hymn" at the opening of the prologue, we find Deism rising to the acknowledgment of spiritual existences capable of intelligence and of worship, and expressing themselves in strains of deepest, most reverential adoration. One stanza will suffice for our present purpose:

Raphael. The sun among his brethren sings
The ancient song the planets sang,
And his appointed course he brings

¹ Beaconsfield, in *Lothair*.

Still to an end with thunder-clang : . . .
 Thy mighty works in this same hour,
 Are glorious as on that first day.

What we chiefly notice here is Goethe's recognition, if only for dramatic purposes, of the ancient tradition which assigns to the three Archangels their several functions: Raphael is the angel of the planets, Gabriel of the earth, Michael of the storm and of the thunder. We can trace here a true Catholic tone, evidently derived from much study of the mediæval writers. But the two most beautiful passages are certainly Margaret's prayer to our Blessed Lady (the *Mater Dolorosa*) in her hour of extreme need, and the intercession of the "Three Penitent Women" in the closing scene. How such passages could have been written by one who was by turns Deist, sceptic, and scoffer, is a psychological puzzle. Goethe must indeed have been a student of human nature such as the world has seldom seen. We are compelled, when listening to such words as these, to ask the old question of the astonished Israelites: "Is Saul also among the prophets?" We can only account for it by a parallel case, that of Balaam. Goethe, in spite of himself, as it would seem, was compelled to mingle a blessing with his curse. Be our explanation what it may, the fact remains; and with the fact the limit of any human explanation is reached.

Let us listen to Margaret's prayer. The original German, with its magnificent polysyllables, is as difficult to convey in English as Homer's πολυφλοισβοιο θαλάσσης, as we have already said. The translation which follows is but a shadow, but it may serve our purpose. The original, sung to Spohr's exquisite music, is one of those perfect melodies which move us to tears; the translation must be taken with all its demerits, simply, as we have said, by way of illustration.

MARGARET'S PRAYER TO THE MATER DOLOROSA.

Oh, full of grief, for my relief
 Most graciously
 Turn thou thy face to me
 In bitter need of mine :—
 With sword-transfixion in deep affliction
 Look'st thou on that dead Face Divine :
 To God the Highest, in grief thou sighest
 For thy Son's need and thine.
 Who feeleth how stealth
 The bitter pain through me ?

What my sad heart feareth,
How it trembleth, what desireth,
Is only known to thee ! . . .
The tiles beneath my window
Were wet with tears, ah me !
When I, at early morning,
These flowers plucked for thee. . . .
From shame and death my succour be,
Oh ! full of grief, for my relief
Turn thou thy face to me !

This is true poetry—it is the very image of the sinful, sorrow-laden "woman that was a sinner," crying for help and pity to the very Crown of spotless womanhood, the Immaculate Mother of Sorrows. It is perfect—for it is Catholic in every line, and who shall say that the true student of humanity cannot learn some valuable lessons, even from *Faust*? The other quotation is the hymn of the "Three Penitent Women;" and here again we notice, simply as a fact, without inquiring into motives or possible causes, how Goethe has acknowledged two Catholic doctrines, the intercession of saints, and the power of our Blessed Lady. We notice also how he makes use of Catholic tradition by quoting, not only from Holy Writ, but from the *Acta Sanctorum* as well. The lines chosen are taken from the last act, the death of Faust and his translation. Whatever doctrinal errors it may or may not contain must be left to the decision of theologians. The scene where the lines occur is that of our Lady's appearance in Heaven, surrounded by angels and penitent women, after Faust's soul has been rescued from Mephistopheles. The names and references are Goethe's.

- Magna Peccatrix* By the love, which, kneeling lowly
(St. Luke vii. 36). At the Feet so travel-worn,
Flowed in tears, like balsam holy,
Spite of Pharisaic scorn :—
By the vessel, that so richly,
Dropped the ointment, passing sweet
By the tresses, that so gently,
Dried again the Sacred Feet :—
- Mulier Samaritana* By the well, where flocks were gathered
(St. John iv.) For our father Ab'ram first,
By the pitcher, that was worthy
Once to quench the Saviour's thirst. . . .
- Maria Egyptiaca* By the place, of all most holy,
(*Acta Sanct.*) Where the Sacred Body lay ;—
By the arm, which at the portal
Held me back, and bade me stay ;—

By the forty years of penance
 Faithful in the desert land,
 By the blessed farewell message
 Written in the burning sand.
Omnes. Thou who dost to greatest sinners
 Thy sweet presence ne'er deny ;
 Thou, who in reward of penance
 Leadest us to realms on high :—
 Grant, oh grant to this poor spirit
 Though forgetful he hath been,
 Knowing not how great his trespass,
 Thy forgiveness, Heavenly Queen.

Subordinate to, and yet in a measure connected with this subject, is Goethe's delineation of a fiend. Cold, calculating, cruel, polished, ready in resources, he is coarse and profane, each and all by turns. The character is drawn with a master hand. He is neither the arch-rebel of Milton, nor the "muckle-horned Clootie" of vulgar belief. He calls himself "a part of that spirit which ever denies," part of that eternal negation of good which is evil. All his utterances are perfectly in keeping with his personality, in fact, Goethe makes use of him to give utterance to all the profanities and obscenities which dominated his own mind. Yet there is something honest even in his very cynicism, and he spares neither friend nor foe. Holy Church and her priests are his favourite object of attack : that is where Goethe's hereditary Protestantism shows itself. But his blows cut both ways. "Men are quit," he says to his ally the sorceress, "of the evil one—but they are no better off for all that." His power is limited—innocence may fall for a time beneath his assaults, but innocence triumphs at last. "Though he fall, yet shall he not be cast down." Margaret's innate purity remains, in spite of her fall, unsullied at the last. He is the spirit that "always wills the evil, and always works the good"—powerless, except by man's consent, after all. No hero, like Milton's Satan, but a true friend.

But though it is a book by no means to be recommended, yet at least the moral of the story told is good, even though the manner of telling it and the incidents are objectionable. The moral is obvious: Faust, after years of study in every science, sacred and profane, lawful and unlawful, gains, by an unholy agreement, permitted for a wise purpose, or at least to "point a moral"—a renewed lease of life and youth. Everything the human heart can desire is heaped upon him lavishly, but nothing can give him contentment. He has

wandered far from God, and, in the words of the great saint, "his heart has no rest." *Vanitas omnia* is the undertone of it all—the vanity of human happiness, its utter inability to satisfy man's higher nature. This surely conveys a lesson well worth learning.

Of the magnificence and beauty of the tragedy we have already spoken. It is simply the most perfect example of the non-Catholic eclecticism of the eighteenth century, a masterpiece of human genius, a study of human nature, so deep, so true, that it raises its author almost to the level of Shakspeare. We have seen upon how slight a foundation this magnificent structure has been raised, but we need to study the structure itself, in all its details, in order to form an adequate idea of its surpassing beauty. Goethe is, undoubtedly, the greatest of all authors since Shakspeare, great even as he was, in that he had studied in the school of human nature, and had learned to identify himself with every thought and yearning of the human heart. A great genius is, only too frequently, a great power to harm, but a purer singer of a better age has taught us to be charitable at least, if we may not palliate the evil.

I held it true, with him who sings
To one clear harp with divers tones ;—
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

F. W. GREY.

With the Diamond Diggers.

IN a previous paper I have sketched, in barest outlines, the various processes of digging and extracting diamonds. What I have not attempted to describe, and what it would need a more powerful pen than mine to do justice to, is the intense, absorbing fascination of diamond-digging. Gold-mining is exciting enough, as any one will agree who remembers the gold fever in Australia, and the way in which clerks left their desks, and shopmen their counters, and sailors their ships, to make a bold cast for fortune at the gold fields. And while the risks of diamond-mining are the same, the prizes are incomparably greater than those which await the successful gold mines. For gold is only worth a fixed sum per ounce, no matter how large the lump. Two ounces of gold are only worth just double one ounce. But if a diamond weighing one carat is worth one pound, one of two carats of equal quality will be worth four or five pounds, and one of three carats worth perhaps twenty-five pounds. In other words, while every additional ounce in a piece of gold only adds the value of one ounce to its price, every additional carat in a diamond may double or treble its value. If a gold-digger knows that in every ton of quartz he will find two ounces of gold, he knows exactly what his day's work will bring him. But if a diamond-digger finds that in every ton of earth the diamonds average say fifty, he even then has no idea of what his day's earnings will be. Even if he knows that the average *weight* of his diamonds is fifty carats to every ton washed, he is as much in the dark as ever, for he may find one diamond of fifty carats worth perhaps several thousand pounds, or he may turn up fifty diamonds of one carat each, worth a pound apiece. It is this uncertainty, this state of never knowing what the next moment may bring, that so attracts men to diamond mining. For the love of gambling is flagrant in most men, latent in many, and springs up often in unexpected places; while it would be

hard to find any form of gambling more attractive than paying a monthly rent for the privilege of digging in diamond bearing soil. Many is the story told of the early diggers who, after toiling for months in vain, had exhausted their scanty store, and were about to give up from sheer inability to pay the rent of their claims, when the discovery of one or two large diamonds turned them from beggars into wealthy men. And these tales have this advantage over many others, that they are fact, not fiction. I myself know at least two men who were in the direst poverty, when fortunate finds began a run of luck that left them well off.

But these remarks apply more to the old order than to the new. Now-a-days, the mines are in the hands of a few powerful companies, and everything is so systematized, and long years of work have given them such exact data that they have no longer the uncertainty which is the soul of gambling, even if a company could be supposed to be influenced by any speculative considerations, which is manifestly impossible. But the first-comers were appealed to very forcibly, by the excitement and risk of the whole thing. They were rough men as a rule, and hardy they had to be, for none but strong men could live in Kimberley, as it was in those days. The place was a reeking hotbed of fever. What between the malaria and the utter neglect of all sanitary considerations, most men spent half their life on a sick bed, and bought wealth dearly with a ruined constitution. Many of them had tramped the whole way from the coast, across the barren waterless Karroo desert, begging their way from farm to farm—and the farms in the Karroo are oftentimes a good day's ride apart—from absolute want of the money to travel in any other way. Once in Kimberley, they would hire themselves out to work in any capacity that turned up, wages were enormously high, and in a short time they had saved enough to buy a few tools, rent a claim, and set to work for themselves. And then perhaps in a few weeks these men, lately penniless vagrants, might be seen flinging money away broadcast from simple inability to do anything else with it. For what can a navvy, whose highest dream of bliss has been a pound a week and unlimited beer and 'baccy, do with hundreds of pounds, when, as it were, in spite of himself, they come pouring into his lap? The early diggers wasted their money, but this may be urged in their excuse, that it was very easy to waste money in those days—and this characteristic

still clings to Kimberley. Not only was the digger impelled to recklessness by the hard work and the unceasing risks to life and health that he ran, but prices were at a height that here we find it hard to believe. For a bottle of beer the price was 5s. to 6s., milk 2s. 6d. a quart, while as to fruit and vegetables, their price may be guessed from the fact that in an old Kimberley paper in my possession there is a paragraph on the sale of a cauliflower which fetched 17s. 6d. This, however, it is only fair to say, was an exceptional price; even in Kimberley, men were not rich enough or reckless enough to give such a price habitually. Water was sold at any price up to 5s. a barrel, and fetched much more when, as has happened more than once, the town was suffering a water famine. There is indeed an instance on record of a soda-water maker who happened to have a good stock in a time when water was scarce, and who was reduced to washing in his own lemonade. But I am disposed to regard this story as apocryphal, as I really do not believe that Kimberley men washed at all when water was at 10s. a barrel. All the water must have been used for cooking, it cannot have been used for drinking, for most Kimberley men have forgotten the taste of water, and in the palmy days of the town no man who respected himself would drink anything but champagne. A bottle of champagne cost 30s., and though the champagne sold in Kimberley was the vilest rubbish ever bottled, it was quite good enough for its consumers, most of whom had never before tasted anything more choice than brandy and water. The consumption of champagne was enormous. Men could not meet, or pass the time of day, without having a drink together—another Kimberley habit which has survived—and no man would offer his guest any meaner liquor. The bars at eleven o'clock were a curious study. All the diggers came up from the mines at that hour for a drink, and the canteens were filled to overflowing with rough flannel-shirted men, their revolvers sticking aggressively in their belts. Man after man would call for a "fizz," pour out a glass from the bottle of champagne, and lounge off to his work, leaving the rest to the bar-keeper. Now and then to be sure some hardened tippler would finish his bottle, and then the chances were greatly in favour of a funeral next day. They were quarrelsome gentry in their cups, and the Kimberley stones could witness to many a bloody tragedy played out during the brief morning rest.

Another very expensive article in the town was fuel. Even to-day, with a railway from the coast, English coal costs over £8 per ton in Kimberley, and when every ounce had to be dragged up from Cape Town by oxen, the price was prohibitory. The carriage alone of goods cost from £25 to £40 per ton. Consequently, men in the mines who required a good deal of fuel for their engines got as little as they could from the coast, and burned wood, which cost only about £8 to £10 per ton. The result of this is seen for hundreds of miles round Kimberley, where often I have ridden the whole day without seeing a tree or a green leaf.

But when men were making several thousands yearly, even these enormous prices for the necessities of life, with unlimited champagne thrown in, would not account for the fact that those of the early diggers who have kept their hard-won money can almost be counted on one's fingers. Most have lost every farthing they made, and it is not hard to understand how this has come about when we hear of the reckless gambling which was the curse of the town. Cards, horses, stocks and shares, men gambled with them all with a zest born of the deadly monotony of their hard lives. Once the day's work was done, the bars and canteens filled rapidly, and thousands were squandered in a night that had taken months of toil to win. Working day after day and month after month in the heat and dust of the mines, cut off by hundreds of miles of desert from all civilization, and consumed with the thirst of gold, with the feverish haste to get rich at all costs, which was the spirit of the place, what wonder if they resorted to the gambling-table for distraction. If they lost, they could begin as they had begun before; if they won, they were so much nearer to making their "pile," and leaving Kimberley. They had gained money plentifully, and the temptation was great to spend it as easily. If one lost a thousand at Baccarat, a good day's luck would set him straight again. The very ups and downs of their life were little else than one gigantic gamble. The man who yesterday was guiltless of a coat, and wore perforce two left shoes, might to-day jump into sudden wealth with a lucky stroke of his pick, and would very likely to-morrow lose every farthing at the green table. The town motto should be, "Easy come, easy go."

I have said above that few of the diggers kept the money they made. It was the canteen keepers and the traders who got rich, they had many facilities for amassing wealth. Where

all stores had to be brought up from Cape Town or Port Elizabeth, prices fluctuated violently. The roads were horribly bad, and intersected with rivers which were fordable in dry weather, but which a heavy rain would turn into raging torrents impassable to man or beast. As an instance in point I may mention that I have lately myself seen the Great Fish River, which crosses the road from Port Elizabeth to Kimberley, rise over twenty feet in one night; and the stream which twelve hours before had risen only to my horse's knees, poured along in a mad yellow torrent between its high banks, and whirled down with it great trunks of trees and the carcasses of animals swept away by the flood. It was thus no infrequent occurrence for waggons, which ordinarily took about five to six weeks to do the journey, to be much delayed, and as stocks ran low in Kimberley, prices rose. Then the trader who got early information that the waggons were stuck, would go round the town and buy up all the flour or potatoes in the place. He would then raise the price, and as he held all that there was in the town, could fix what price he liked. On one occasion, a Jew got news that fifteen waggons laden with flour, meal, and coffee, were stuck half way on the road. In the course of the morning he bought every pound of these articles in Kimberley, and next day men woke to find themselves at his mercy. He at once doubled prices, the public had to choose between starving or giving him what he asked, and in the fortnight that elapsed before the waggons arrived, he cleared over thirty thousand pounds.

Such was the town in the old days, and its main characteristics are the same to-day as when the first diamonds were found. To be sure there are now fairly substantial buildings in place of the tents of the pioneers, and when a dust storm rages in Kimberley, it no longer strews the roads with tents and the garments of the owners thereof, but the same lavish spirit is still the key-note of social life. It seems impossible to most of the inhabitants to live without some form of morbid excitement. With some men this takes the form of slavish sticking to their business, some gamble, some go on the turf, but in one form or another they all show the restlessness which is a symptom of moral fever as thirst is of the fever of the body. Everything is on a large and reckless scale. The very churches run cheerfully into debt, knowing that when they get too deeply involved, a bazaar will clear them, for, to do them

justice, the people of this out of the way corner are always ready to respond to the claims of charity. Quite recently one of the churches got up a bazaar. The diamond brokers were interested, and came *en masse*, and the first day realized £800 profit. It is rather curious, seeing the amount of money in the town, that there are not finer houses. Most of them are small, one-storied shanties, as often as not built of wood and iron, and, to our notions, inconvenient and badly arranged. But it must be remembered that every one is hurrying to leave Kimberley. It is looked upon as a place to make money, but not to live in. No one lives there who can help it. As soon as a man has made enough to live on, he moves to some pleasanter residence. For in spite of the open-handed hospitality, and the gaiety and amusements always going on, it is not an agreeable abode. In winter, indeed, when, though the days are warm, the nights are cool and bracing, it is pleasant enough, though at this time it is always visited by two or three dust storms, which are as trying to body and mind—and especially to the temper—as even Mark Tapley could desire. But in summer the heat is simply unbearable, and all the resources of civilization in the way of ice and soda-water and lemons, only just enable one to live. Over and over again I have known the thermometer at 95° at seven o'clock on a summer morning. And what is worse than the heat is the deadly "camp fever," a form of low, malarial fever which claims many victims every year, and leaves even those who recover subject to periodical relapses for many years. Bad as the summer is for men, it is worse for the fairer part of the population; and it is hardly wonderful that men hasten to leave a town where their families can live only at the cost of constant suffering and ill-health.

But before leaving Kimberley we must not forget the market-place which is about the only place of interest outside the mines. About seven o'clock in the morning is the time to see it in its glory. All the previous day and night, waggons have been arriving and camping round the town. At sunrise they come in, and by seven o'clock the huge square is filled with an animated throng of oxen, waggons, horses, and men. The dust is something phenomenal, and there is a very babel of noise. Oxen are lowing and grumbling as the yoke galls them, dogs are barking, horses neighing, and above all ring out the sharp cracks of the tremendous whips, and the hoarse cries

of the drivers. Waggon after waggon comes up, drawn by its team of eighteen oxen, with a boy leading the two foremost, and another on either side armed with the whips aforesaid, which they ply unmercifully. It is no easy task to cross the square, amongst the forest of horns, but the mounted police ride briskly about, keeping order and using their whips freely when one of the boys—all Kaffirs are called "boys"—grow obstreperous. Every now and then one of the early coaches for the gold fields or the Free State comes plunging through the throng, its passengers hanging on anyhow on top of the heaped-up mail bags, as the six horses gallop over the rough ground. Or a couple of mounted police trot in, revolver in hand, and between them a black diamond thief whom perhaps they have been hunting all night. And now there is a sudden hush, as a big man on a grey horse rides up. He is the market master, and he quickly begins selling the contents of the waggons which are of the most varied description. Firewood, eggs, poultry, fruit, vegetables, these are the stock articles of the morning sale, though sometimes horses, sheep, carts, or harness, are found there. A crowd follows the auctioneer, made up of shop-keepers buying to retail again, and economical householders anxious to save the shop-keepers' profit. The work is quickly got through, in an hour the last lot is sold, and the auctioneer goes home to breakfast.

Before we follow him let us take a look at that large block of buildings at the corner of the market-place. It is the post office, and a fine building of which any town might be proud. Years ago an attempt was made to steal some diamonds from the post office, and came unpleasantly near being successful. But the post office of those days was very different from the substantial stone building that we are looking at. It was merely a large tent, and on warm days when the sides had to be left open, the various operations were all performed *coram populo*. The next tent was occupied by a young digger, who does not appear to have had any ulterior motive for placing it there. But at all events, as he was at dinner one day he happened to look up, and found all the sorters had gone off to their meal. It was mail day, and several valuable packages of diamonds were lying on the table ready to be put into the bags. The young gentleman seems to have had a good deal of coolness, for he walked over quietly, slipped the diamonds into his pockets, and at once buried them under his tent. He then sat down and finished his

dinner, and doubtless was very much astonished at the uproar when the clerks came back and found that the diamonds had disappeared. And now came a stroke of genius. He quietly stopped where he was, and went on working at his mine for two or three months. The detectives ransacked Kimberley high and low for the missing diamonds, but never thought of him. Had he left at once he would have aroused suspicion, and would have been collared long before he reached the coast. After he had waited long enough for the zeal of the detectives to cool he left quietly and naturally, and reached Cape Town without suspicion. But here his caution forsook him. In other words, he got most particularly drunk one night, and showed so much evidence of having money, that, as he had always been very impecunious, suspicion was aroused. Next day he was on board ship, the steamer was just about to cast loose from the wharf, when two detectives stepped on board with a search warrant. He only smiled. They went to his cabin and made a most minute search. They unsewed his coats, and ripped up his boots, and even unscrewed some of the panels of his cabin, but could find no diamonds. At last the final bell rang, the ship began to move, and reluctantly they turned to go. One had already left the cabin and his mate was following, when, as he stooped to pass the low door, he caught his foot in a rifle which was standing carelessly in the corner. Down he came, and down came the rifle too, and went off in a very unexpected fashion. From the two barrels there rolled a glittering stream of diamonds on to the deck, and the culprit, seeing that the game was up, made a dash to the side. He was nearly overboard, but they were just too quick for him. He was brought back to Kimberley, tried, condemned, and, I believe, is still an unwilling worker in his country's service on the Cape Town breakwater.

It is astonishing that similar attempts were not more often made. As I have said, the post office, where perhaps £80,000 worth of diamonds would be lying at one time, was a mere tent, and was very carelessly guarded. Yet the above is, I believe, the only case of robbery from there. Perhaps what guarded the diamonds more securely than the rifles of the sentinels, was the knowledge of what a robber's fate would be if caught. Diamond stealing in Kimberley was, and is, looked upon much as horse lifting in Texas, or gold stealing in the Californian gold-diggings. It was a case for lynch law. The early population, being of remarkably easy morals, and therefore far more charitable to the

little weaknesses of humanity than the Ten Commandments would have made them, looked leniently upon most other crimes. They would not cut you if you were "wanted" for housebreaking, they would even shake hands with a man who had that morning shot his brother, in short, they let off criminals as lightly as a French jury, but for diamond stealers there was no mercy. It is not very long since they seized a prominent buyer of stolen diamonds, who had long evaded the law, and tarred and feathered him so effectually that he nearly died from the rough treatment he received. They have, however, become civilized in these days, or they would assuredly have hanged him, not to the first tree—for there are none in the neighbourhood much larger than a gooseberry-bush—but to a telegraph pole, or anything else that came handy. This, then, I suspect to be the reason that robberies of diamonds were not more frequent in the town. But I think it speaks volumes for the honesty of South Africa that there have been only two or three instances of attempts to rob the mail between Kimberley and Cape Town. Week after week the post cart, without guard or protection of any kind, travelled from Kimberley down to the railway, over hundreds of miles of desert, through stormy nights and burning days, carrying a fortune in the mail bags, its only occupant, perhaps, a coloured driver, and yet in all those years three attempts only, and those unsuccessful, were made upon it. When one thinks how easy it would have been to overpower the driver, take the diamonds, and bury them quietly somewhere until the hue and cry had passed over, one is almost tempted to wish that his lot had been cast in Africa in those days, with an easy conscience to befriend him. Whether this wonderful honesty was due in all cases to strict virtue, or only to the laziness characteristic of South Africa, where no man even seems disposed to take any trouble even to get rich, wiser heads than mine must determine. I can only, in this connection, quote an instance where four men, who set out to rob the coach at night, fell asleep while waiting for it, and never woke till dawn, when the coveted diamonds were thirty miles away. Some meditations upon the blessings of civilization might be suggested by the fact that robberies seem to have become more frequent of late years, since railways and telegraphy and such-like luxuries have found their way into the land. Most of the modern robberies have been rather feats of finesse than of force. Only last year while four Jews were jogging quietly along from Kimberley towards the Orange Free State, having with them

some fine diamonds, a single horseman rode up, covered them with a revolver, and requested them to deliver up their valuables. A request urged with such logic was of course irresistible, and watches, purses, and diamonds, vanished into the horseman's capacious pockets. When he rode off, one of the party suddenly remembered that he had a revolver in his portmanteau. The portmanteau was found, and unstrapped, the revolver produced, and, the rider being then half a mile away, the valiant Hebrew emptied the revolver after him. Strange to say he took no notice, and the Jews had to put up with their loss. They dared not even give information to the police, for the diamonds they had were stolen ones, and had they made any complaint the police might have shown some curiosity as to how they came by the diamonds, in which case whatever the fate of the bold highwayman, they would have been certain of a term of penal servitude for buying stolen stones. The moral of this tale is, I suppose, that it is pretty safe to steal from a thief.

But we have made a long digression from the market-square where there are yet one or two sights to be seen. Here at the post office you may see, almost all day long, the mail carts and coaches, as they wait for the various mails, or drive up to deposit the letter bags from the Free State, or Bechuanaland, or the Gold Fields. As each mail arrives a flag is hoisted on the roof, and the colour of the flag denotes to the initiated where the mail just in has come from. And it is good to see the rush that is made from all parts of the town when the flag shows the English mail is sorted. The whole square is filled with men and women, reading letters, glancing over the home papers, or coming away downcast because there is nothing for them. It is a study for an artist. Here a big Irishman is growling over the latest tyranny of Balfour, and planning an indignation meeting, while beside him a bearded digger is trying his best not to make "such a fool of himself," as he reads that the wife is on her death-bed seven thousand miles away. Many a drama of human life has had the curtain rung down on another act in the Kimberley market-square.

There are very few grog shops in the square, and the few there are, are fairly respectable. It is to the lower quarters of the town we must go to see sights that would almost make a temperance man of a confirmed drunkard. Round the mines the streets are full of canteens of the lowest and most filthy type. As soon as the day's work in the mine is done the Kaffirs flock to these houses, and keep up their singing, and drinking, and dancing

until they are too drunk to stand. Fights, of which the issue is often fatal, are of nightly occurrence. I know nothing which is more weirdly impressive than a visit at night to some of the low parts of Kimberley. A bright moon is shining, causing inky black shadows to lie across the streets, while the iron roofs of the houses glisten like water in the light. Everything looks exaggerated and unreal, like a scene in a dream. On one side the furnaces are glowing in the engine houses, and every now and then the deep thud of a dynamite explosion in the mine shakes the very ground you stand upon. On the other side, light is streaming from the windows of the canteens, and from within comes an uproar such as only Kaffirs can create, concertinas squeaking, and men singing and fighting, while across the street glide naked black figures and disappear into the darkness. It is small wonder that Kaffirs fight when they are drunk, the only thing that astonishes any one who knows what they drink is that they can live long enough to fight. For the "upper circles" of the town there are clubs and restaurants, where decent liquors are to be had, but the drink sold in these canteens is nothing more nor less than rank poison. Staying once at an hotel at Jagersfontein, near Kimberley, I found my host one morning busily engaged in the midst of numerous cans and bottles, coat off, and shirt sleeves well turned up, pouring liquor backwards and forwards, and every now and then pausing to smell—not taste, he knew too well for that—the resultant. I asked him what he was doing. "Mixing brandy for the boys," was the answer. On further investigation I found that the ordinary Cape brandy, even when new and fiery—and even the best Cape brandy is pretty bad—is not strong enough to tickle the Kaffir palate. It warms them to be sure, and on it they can get most satisfactorily drunk for a shilling, but it does not "bite" sufficiently. So a special article has to be manufactured. The canteen-keeper buys the rawest, and newest, and worst Cape brandy in the market. He adds a goodly proportion of paraffin, and steeps the whole mixture in tobacco to give it flavour and colour. When it is strained off from the tobacco it is a dark yellow. A little new Natal rum is then put in—when new, rum is as white as water. Then when a couple of spoonfuls of cayenne pepper are shaken up in it, the mixture is ready for sale and is mightily appreciated by the Kaffirs, who gulp it down with great "ows!" of satisfaction. They clutch their throats, and their eyes nearly start from their heads as the stuff goes down, but it is what they like, they can feel it, and it bites and

Burns them, which is their test of good liquor. This is literally true, I won't say in all cases, for I don't know for certain, but in this one case I have myself watched the stuff being concocted, and no one can be more surprised than I was to hear that it did not kill the men. Of course, by all rules of medicine it ought to, but as a matter of fact they seem to drink it without much injury. But then Kaffirs defy all the laws of nature. Among them, as is well known, the women do all manual labour. A woman will work on in the fields up to the very hour of her becoming a mother. Next day she is in the fields again as if nothing had happened, her child strapped to her back. If a woman can do and does do what would kill white people, it is not so wonderful that the men should drink what we would call poison.

The very last thing we see as we leave the railway station is very characteristic. It is nothing more than one of the ordinary automatic weighing machines, such as you may any day see at a London station. But whereas here we have only to drop a penny into the slit, the Kimberley one is more ambitious, for it takes sixpence. To be sure if a penny was needed the machine would probably stand idle. For there are no pence in Kimberley, and very few threepenny bits. It is literally true that a penny is never seen in the town. All the papers are threepenny ones, and at the shops, should you buy, say a few pins or a spool of cotton, they make you take your change in kind. At a stationer's I have given 6*d.* for *Tit Bits*, and 3*d.* is the regular price for the penny English dailies. At the race meetings and cricket matches the lack of change is so great that you can't get sixpence. If you indulge, say in a glass of beer, you are charged sixpence. Should you have nothing smaller than a shilling, you will not get sixpence change, you must take it out in cigars. Eighteenpence for a small bottle of beer, and the same for a whiskey and soda, make thirst very expensive.

I have come to the end of my space, though there is a good deal more in Kimberley that is well worthy of notice. The place teems with interest, and should any of my readers wish to know more of it, I would say go and see for yourselves. Seven weeks will suffice to get there and back; the sea voyage is one of the pleasantest in the world; and the cost is not more than many spend in an autumn trip to Switzerland. A great many worse ways might be found of spending a summer holiday.

J. M.

Tiphaine la Fée.

CHAPTER VII.

IN the agony that Tiphaine underwent in giving up her child, the wandering instincts of her race awoke within her, and her stronger character easily overcoming the feeble opposition of her husband, they turned their backs on the village, and during the years that preceded the outbreak of the Revolution, they made their way, moving slowly from place to place, over the greater part of France. Tiphaine was the chief bread-winner of the pair; the fortune-telling gift that is inbred in the gipsy tribes stood her in good stead, and they were eagerly welcomed in many a country château, whose isolated position and distance from Paris made their inmates thankful for any means of distraction that came in their way. Hervik thus became possessed of information as to the state of the country and the means of the proprietors, which he afterwards turned to considerable account. But for the time being his wife was the ruling power, and though he profited by the exercise of her talents, he stood not a little in awe of them.

By the year 1790 they found themselves in Paris, where indeed most of the turbulent and discontented spirits of the country were gravitating, and here Hervik found at once the natural field for his energies. His tigerish but cowardly spirit was in its element; he speedily became the leader of a club, where his envious hatred of the nobles, and the knowledge of their secrets he had managed to pick up in his wanderings, were thoroughly appreciated. Many were the châteaux pillaged and burnt down under his directions, sometimes under his personal supervision, and considerable was the profit thus realized for himself.

His wife stood contemptuously aloof from most of his undertakings. She had no love for the nobles, and would not have lifted her little finger to save them from the fate which she, in common with the body of the people, considered that their vices

had well deserved. But her nature could not descend to petty cruelty, and the sordid greed that actuated her husband's behaviour was utterly foreign to her character. Yet she took advantage of his widespread influence in one solitary instance—to gain protection for the old Breton château that contained the treasure of her passionate heart. And Hervik was only too pleased to secure her passive acquiescence in his other projects by gratifying her in this.

It was in Paris that he came in contact with Richard de Coëtlogon. The two men had much in common; the same indifference to the sufferings of others, capable at times of being roused to tigerish ferocity; the same absorption in their own interests. The object with the one was power, with the other gold, but the means they employed were the same. They quickly recognized the use they might be to one another. Richard, whose tortuous mind and remarkable talents had insinuated him into the favour of the leading Republicans, was thoroughly aware of the advantage of a connecting link with the seething mass of political life beneath, through which he might feel, as it were, the pulse of the people. And Hervik, great as was his influence in his own sphere, had hitherto been unable to gain the ear of the Government, for the lack of which he had been baffled in more than one promising scheme. There were some remains too of the old feudal feeling of which he could not entirely divest himself, that made it seem natural for a Léon to be the follower of a Coëtlogon.

The alliance had so far been profitable to both, when Richard at length broached a plan which had long been fermenting in his mind awaiting a fitting opportunity to be put into execution, and in which he required Hervik's assistance. This was no less than to denounce Claude, *ci-devant* Marquis de Coëtlogon, as a leader of the brigands (as the Vendean troops were generally called) and traitor to the nation, and to deal with his property in the usual manner, viz., to abandon the castle to the vengeance of the people, and put up the estate for sale to the highest bidder. By this diabolical scheme he hoped not only to secure for himself at comparatively little cost the lands he coveted, estates belonging to *ci-devants* being just then a drug in the market, but to silence once for all by this signal act of patriotism any lingering suspicions kept alive by his aristocratic surname.

But when he propounded the scheme to Hervik, he was met

to his surprise by a decided resistance. Driven into a corner the man at last owned so much of the truth as he thought expedient—that his wife had taken the château de Coëtlogon under her protection for the sake of her foster-child, and that he dared not cross her in the matter. The citizen might see her if he liked, and try what he could do.

See her Richard did. The interview was long, and his face when he came out was as inscrutable as ever. But inwardly he was perturbed and astonished beyond measure. Tiphaine had confessed the whole truth to him, and had wound up with the astounding proposition that he should marry Alice, and thus ensure her always retaining the position in which she had been brought up. On this condition she promised him her husband's utmost support. The proposal was at first sight distasteful to Richard in the highest degree. Not only did all the old aristocratic prejudices, which he had thought dead and buried, start into fresh life at the idea of this *roturier* marriage, but his recollections of Alice were anything but pleasant ones. They had never got on well together as children, and her high spirit had made her a match for him in many an encounter, despite his superior age and cleverness.

But Richard was the last man in the world to let his feelings stand in the way of his interests. After all, as he reflected philosophically, marriage was a partnership in which, given sufficient means, one need not necessarily see very much of the other party to the contract. His father's was a case in point. Hervik was therefore called into consultation, and after some discussion it was agreed that Richard should go down to Brittany on the pretence of intercepting the English supplies so anxiously awaited by the Vendéans, and that during his absence Hervik should move through his club the grant of the Coëtlogon lands to the patriotic citizen who was about to seal his devotion to the national cause by his marriage with a daughter of the people.

He came, and with the first sight of Alice all his objections to the match vanished as if they had never existed. She should have been his, he vowed, whatever she had cost him, but since his interests were enlisted on the same side as his passion, so much the better. With Claude handed over to the embraces of la Sainte Guillotine, the estate would be his by inheritance as well as by grant. And what a beautiful Marquise de Coëtlogon Alice would make! But he must play his game warily, or his prey would escape him.

It seemed to Alice at this time as if she had stepped out of the sober, practical course of every-day life into the realms of story and romance, so great was the change from the uneventfulness of all these years. Was it really she herself who was leading this curious double existence, that exterior one with Richard and her mother, so calm in appearance, but whose ominous quiet made her feel as if they were living on the verge of a volcano; and the inner one of trembling hopes and fears, of stolen moments with Claude, of agonized watchfulness on his account. Yet day by day her distrust was being slowly lulled to sleep, in spite of the almost terrified guard she maintained over herself in her consciousness of the magnitude of the stake. Poor girl! it was a difficult game she had to play, and she was no match for her antagonist. He read her like an open book; a hundred times a day she unconsciously betrayed herself. Almost from the first day he could have pointed out with certainty the exact spot where Claude was concealed, and yet he made no sign. Like the ostrich who hides his head in the sand, Alice fancied her secret secure, and all the while the net was being slowly drawn closer and closer round herself and those she loved best.

Meanwhile, Claude was waxing impatient. He had come there with a specific object—to gain information about those very supplies from England that had furnished Richard with the pretext for his journey. But the presence of the Republican representative at the château threw many difficulties in his way. Twice already in spite of Alice's entreaties and the danger of detection he had ventured out at night, but the last time he had hurt his foot, and although he had succeeded in reaching home it was not without considerable pain and difficulty. He chafed terribly at the forced inaction. And this next interview was so important, for in it he was to learn when and where to meet their agents from England to arrange where the stores and ammunition that they so sorely needed were to be delivered. And here he was tied down, like a girl with a sprained ankle. It was maddening.

"Claude," said Alice suddenly, who had been the recipient of his complaints as, stretched full length on his pallet in the attic, he afforded his injured limb the repose that, necessary as it was, he grudged it so sorely, "Why should I not keep the appointment for you? You trust me, do you not?"

"Trust you!" The tone was sufficient answer. "But no—impossible—I could not venture to expose you——"

"To what?" she interrupted. "What danger could there be? For you, yes. But for me! I wonder I did not think of it before. In every way it would be safer."

Her brother hesitated. The plan certainly had many advantages, but if anything happened to Alice—yet after all, what could happen?

"Do let me," she urged. "I will be most careful. Dear Claude," kneeling down by his side, "it would make me so happy to do anything for you."

He passed his hand over her hair with a caressing gesture, but did not speak for a moment. She saw he was yielding, and forbore to press it. Presently he said:

"You do not think your absence would be noticed?"

"I am sure not. At what time is the appointment?"

"At eleven to-night at the foot of the garden steps. It is not far, and yet—if it should be a bad night?"

"Well!" laughed Alice. "What then? I am not made of sugar. I shall not melt. Come, Claude," coaxingly, "you are going to say yes."

"I must give you a token then. Old Martin will not expect to see a pretty young lady," with a smile. "Let me see. I think my signet ring will be the best. A letter would be no use. He cannot read. But he knows my ring. And the watchword is our motto, *Un cœur loyal*. See, it is stamped in the ring," and he showed her the words inside in quaint, old-fashioned French.

"When did you get it, Claude. I have never seen it before."

"It was my father's. Jérôme gave it to me with the letter."

"*Un cœur loyal*," repeated Alice thoughtfully. "It suits you, Claude."

"Not better than it does you, *ma mie*."

He slipped the ring over her third finger. It hung there loosely. She wore on her other hand two plain solid rings, one of gold and the other of silver. Taking the gold one off, she slipped it on as a guard. Claude smiled.

"If it had been any other young man than your own brother, Alice, I should have said that was an omen."

"Oh, I shall never marry," she answered lightly. "Not unless you get sick of me, Claude. Remember, we always settled to keep house together."

The young man's face clouded over.

"My poor child!" he sighed. "Provided only they leave us

a house to keep. Sometimes I think we are only putting off the inevitable end."

"Nay, Claude, that is not like you. You must not give way. The King will enjoy his own again, and the Marquis de Coëtlogon be one of the most trusted and honoured of his friends."

She bent down to kiss his forehead.

"I shall come to-night to receive your instructions. I must go now, Claude, I am afraid of being missed."

He watched her with regret as she disappeared through the trap-door. An impatient sigh broke from his lips. It was hard, truly, that he, the master of the château, should be a prisoner in a corner of his own house, while his younger brother lorded it over his possessions.

As Alice reached the bottom of the staircase she heard the sound of voices from the little sitting-room, formerly her mother's, but which since his arrival Richard had appropriated to himself. The door opened suddenly and a woman came out—a tall woman with a dark, handsome face. Long years had passed since Alice had last beheld it, yet it seemed to her strangely familiar. The woman too stopped short, arrested apparently by a similar feeling; spell-bound they stood there gazing into one another's eyes, while strange childish memories, half-forgotten, struggled into consciousness in Alice's mind, until at last she held out her hand.

"I know you now," she said softly. "You are my foster mother."

Interest, a faint curiosity, were all that her face expressed, but in the other was legible a far deeper emotion. A vivid colour suffused the woman's cheek, then left it deadly pale; she tightened her clasp of the young girl's hand, till it was almost pain. All the time her eyes never left Alice's face; her gaze, full of devouring eagerness, seemed as if it were trying to satisfy in one moment the hunger of years. Twice she essayed to speak; each time the words died away on her lips.

And Alice, in her utter unconsciousness, looked at her wonderingly. What did it mean, this intense emotion, so far beyond what the occasion seemed to warrant? She began to feel embarrassed at last by the strange fixity of the other's gaze, and drawing back her hand would have turned away. But she was held back by a grasp, gentle indeed, but tenacious and strong as steel.

"Not yet," in a voice husky with suppressed feeling. "Turn not away yet, child of my heart. Let these weary eyes feast a little longer on the sight they have yearned for all these long years."

And drawing her to the light,

"Thou art grown very beautiful," she murmured. "More beautiful even than I had thought to see thee. But there is sorrow on thy brow, sorrow deep and heavy. It hath not reached thee yet, but its shadow is upon thee even now."

"Sorrow?" repeated Alice, impressed in spite of herself by the woman's manner. "Of what nature, mother? Doth it concern myself only, or others also?"

"Thyself and those thou lovest best," replied Tiphaine, scrutinizing the fair face before her as if it were a book laid open for her perusal. "Yet in the hour of thy deepest need remember me, for I alone have the power to help thee."

She would have moved away, but this time it was Alice who detained her.

"And how shall I find you?" she asked. "How shall I know where to look for you?"

"Art thou brave?"

"A Coëtlogon was never yet a coward," returned the girl, proudly.

"Then seek me at the cottage by the menhir. Farewell."

She laid her hand on the girl's shoulder and bent forward as if to embrace her, then drew back.

"Not yet," she murmured, almost inaudibly. "Patience, yet awhile, my heart. The time is near at hand."

Drawing her cloak around her, she passed away down the passage out of Alice's sight.

When our minds are anxious we attach undue importance to what would at other times only provoke a smile. A bird flying against the window when the one we love is dangerously ill makes our hearts grow cold with fear; a dog that bays the moon brings death to our very door. All through the day Alice could not get the prediction out of her mind. Her troubled, pre-occupied expression struck Richard at once, and he set to work to try and find out the cause. But for once his efforts were unsuccessful. Alice remained impervious to all his attempts. The fact was she was utterly unconscious of them. If there had been anything to find out he would probably have done so, but the very vagueness of the warning was what made

it so alarming. How could she guard against sorrow, the nature of which she did not know? From what quarter would the danger come?

Baffled and perplexed, Richard yet made up his mind that something was to take place that night, and determined to be on the watch. Alice retired early; she had looked pale and weary all day, and her mother accepted without suspicion the pretext that she needed rest. Richard followed her to the door.

"Must you leave us so soon, Alice?" taking her hand. "This is my last evening here. I have been trying all day to tell you, and I could not find the courage."

"You are going away!"

A look of sudden, irrepressible relief shot across the girl's face. Richard detected it and ground his teeth. "Another that I owe you, Monsieur le Marquis," he muttered under his breath. "But patience. Our settling-day is at hand."

Aloud he only said in a tone of reproachful melancholy:

"Yes, Alice, I am going, and you have not a word of regret. Not even a wish to see me again."

Alice was struck with compunction. He had been so kind and considerate to her. And after all was he not her brother too?

"O Richard!" she exclaimed eagerly. "You mistake me. I do wish to see you again. I shall be glad"—but here she stopped short. Was that true? Could she indeed say with sincerity that she wished him to return, at least while Claude was there? She coloured deeply and cast down her eyes.

Richard did not press it.

"Never mind, Alice. I understand. You will know me better some day. I will not keep you any longer. You look tired indeed. But before you go will you do one thing for me that you have never done yet? Will you kiss me?"

"Of course I will," she answered readily, anxious to efface from his mind the memory of her unlucky hesitation. She put up her face, but instead of the careless, brotherly salute that Claude bestowed on her as a matter of course, she felt two burning lips pressed to hers with a lingering intensity of passion. Angry, confused, without knowing why, she started back; but when she looked up, Richard's features had resumed their usual cold, grave expression, and she felt ashamed of her foolish fancy. Yet you were right, Alice. It was a true instinct that made you resent the first lover's kiss stolen from your maiden lips.

CHAPTER VIII.

HALF-PAST ten struck from the great clock in the quadrangle. All was still in the château ; a single oil-lamp burnt on the little staircase leading up to Claude's hiding-place. At the foot of the stairs, at the very end of the passage, was Richard's sitting-room. With the door open he commanded the situation ; no one could pass without his knowing it. He was keeping careful watch, but so far nothing had happened. Presently he heard a slight sound above ; he blew out his light, and cautiously approaching the door left it just ajar. A footstep, light, but plainly audible in the silence, sounded on the stairs, and a cloaked and hooded figure appeared in sight. It was Alice, as Richard recognized with some surprise ; he had expected to see Claude. She came close up to his door, and listened ; he could feel her warm breath on his cheek, she was so near, but he kept perfectly still, and after a moment she heaved a sigh of relief and turned away. He followed cautiously, keeping well in the shadow. Opening the door of the salon she drew a little lantern from under her cloak, and by its light unbarred the shutter and opened the window. The noise she could not help making seemed to make her uneasy ; she stopped once or twice and listened, but everything was still. Richard kept back carefully out of sight. She stepped out on to the terrace ; the cold, damp air from the sea made her shiver, and she wrapped her cloak more closely and hurried on. It was a dark night : "luckily for me," thought Richard, as he followed her across the open space. Just as she reached the top of the steps leading down to the garden, he trod on a twig that broke sharply under his foot. She turned round, flashing out the light of her lantern, but it only penetrated the gloom for a short distance, and he had slunk hastily back into the bushes that lined either side of the steps. For a moment she remained standing there, peering into the darkness, the light falling on her pale face, and reflecting itself in her star-like eyes.

"It must have been my fancy," she said at last, and turning she began to descend the steps.

The fright had made both their hearts beat. Richard did not venture to follow her, but made his way down the slope, keeping carefully behind the bushes. Alice was the first at the tryst. After a few minutes a low whistle was heard, and a man,

seemingly a peasant, emerged from the trees. His face, which, though honest and reliable, had a decidedly *bourru* expression, showed considerable surprise at the sight of the young lady, but apparently she soon succeeded in satisfying him. Their conversation was carried on in so low a tone that it was some time before Richard could catch what was said. At last his own name struck on his ear.

"He is going away to-morrow," Alice was saying.

"That will make things easier," said the countryman. "Since Monsieur le Marquis is lame it will not do to make the place of rendezvous too far off."

"My brother thought the best place would be the cave under the castle. It would have been impossible before, as the entrance to the passage is by a sliding panel in the sitting-room that the Vicomte occupies. But by Wednesday there would be no difficulty."

"It is an excellent plan. The others can reach it by sea, which would be so much the less danger. The Holy Virgin send us a fine night!"

"Then that is settled. On Wednesday at the same time. And you will tell Monsieur de R——" but here the voices sank to so low a key that it was impossible for Richard to hear any more. But he had learnt all he wanted to know. There was to be an important meeting of the Royalists on Wednesday night, and thanks to this timely information he would be able to intercept them without Alice being any the wiser as to his share in the affair. He congratulated himself on his well-thought-of announcement of his departure, which had evidently brought matters to a head. So absorbed was he in his calculations that he neglected to secure his own return before Alice's, and started forward with a muttered curse on his want of foresight as he saw her, after giving her hand to Martin, who kissed it with profound respect, hastily retracing her steps. He hurried after her, but reached the window just in time to have it shut and barred in his face.

Here was a pretty predicament! He had no fancy for spending a night in the open air. To Claude it would have been nothing, but Richard, used to the life of cities, was sensitively alive to discomfort. A light rain was beginning to fall, and he had not even an overcoat. He would soon be wet to the skin, unless he could find an entrance somewhere. Feeling along the front, with the faint hope that some careless servant

might have left a window unbolted somewhere, he came at last to a little door leading to the servants' quarters. Providence was kinder to him than he deserved; to his delight he found it left on the latch—no doubt for some private purposes of their own, but he was not disposed to criticize these too severely just then, and sought his couch with an appreciation of its comfort considerably enhanced by the prospect so lately before him.

Richard went away and every one felt relieved. The anxious vigilance of the château relaxed, and Claude ventured down more than once to see his mother. Poor Madame de Coëtlogon! She had had a hard part to play during the past days, and I question whether there was not as much courage in the unselfish patience that would not even seek to know her son's hiding-place for fear she might by some unhappy chance betray it, as in Alice's bolder spirit.

Wednesday night arrived. Madame de Coëtlogon retired to rest without any suspicion that anything unusual was going to take place. Of what use to tell her? they thought. It would only make her anxious, and Claude would be back again in a few hours. The brother and sister stood exchanging a few last words in the little sitting-room. A sliding-panel in the wall had been pushed back and disclosed to view a flight of descending steps, soon lost to sight in the thick darkness. It was a lovely night, such as old Martin had wished for. The moonlight streamed into the room, and from the window they could see the silver pathway stretching out over the sea to the distant horizon.

"*Au revoir, ma mie,*" said Claude at length, bending forward to kiss his sister.

An overpowering prevision of evil had been growing stronger and stronger all the evening in Alice's breast. She started as he spoke, a look of terror came over her face, and throwing herself into his arms, she burst into tears.

"O Claude! Claude!" she sobbed, clinging to him as if she would never let him go. "Do not leave me. I love you. I do love you so."

"Why, *mignonne*, what is this? It is only for a few hours. This is not like my brave sister."

"And if you should never come back?" she cried passionately. "If anything should happen to you? Oh, Claude, I think it would kill me!"

"My darling girl, there is not the slightest danger. You are nervous and upset, and no wonder with the strain of the last few days. Come, look up and give me a smile again."

But she could not. A mortal terror filled her heart. Her head lay on his shoulder in the very abandonment of grief, and she clung convulsively to his protecting arm.

Claude was grievously perplexed. Time was flying—he dared not stay. Yet it seemed cruel to leave her in this state. At this moment a boat shot across the bay in the moonlight. It put an end to his indecision. He gently disengaged himself.

"Alice," he said hurriedly, "I must leave you. For Heaven's sake do not make it so hard for me. Be your own brave self and let me go."

He touched her forehead with his lips, sprang through the open panel, and was gone. The bitterness of death seemed to sweep over Alice as she found herself alone. She sank on the ground, covered her face with her hands, and gave way to an agony of tears.

Suddenly she started up. An idea had flashed into her mind. Without pausing to think she darted through the panel, and hurried down the steps. Down, down they went, as though into the very bowels of the earth. The darkness was so intense it could almost be felt, and the air, damp and earthy, affected her breathing. At last the steps ceased; a fresh sea breeze blew in her face, and far ahead, at the very end of the passage, appeared a faint light like a star. On she went; the light grew broader and more distinct, and presently the sound of voices struck on her ear. She had reached the entrance of the cave.

Sheltering herself behind a projecting ledge of rock, she looked in. Claude was seated at the further end; before him, on a rough block of stone that served the purpose of a table, was stretched a map, and he was pointing it out to a dark, keen-faced man of about five-and-thirty who, in spite of his rough sailor garb, looked unmistakeably a *gentilhomme*. Opposite sat a younger man, listening attentively, and putting in a remark from time to time; and Martin had taken up his station behind Claude, who turned to him repeatedly for confirmation of his statements. It was like a scene in a story, thought Alice, distracted for the moment from her fears (unconscious that the bare facts of the times in which she lived would prove hereafter of more thrilling interest to the

world than the wildest romance). The dark cave was lighted only by a flaring torch that threw an uncertain, lurid light on the grave, determined faces of the men. Claude was the only one dressed according to his rank, and formed a curious contrast to his companions. He looked very handsome in his rich uniform, his fair hair waving over his forehead, and his blue eyes darkening and deepening with earnestness. Young as he was, they all seemed to defer to him, and his remarks were listened to with the utmost attention. Alice watched him with a heart swelling with pride and fondness. Suddenly she started and bent forward. She fancied she heard the faint sound of muffled oars. The others, absorbed in their conversation, had noticed nothing. It ceased. Perhaps it was her fancy. No—there it was again, and she was springing forward to warn them when old Martin started to his feet.

"Ou vient, messieurs," he cried. *"Sauvez-vous!"*

The others sprang up in confusion, but before they could follow his advice, the cave was filled with armed men. Claude drew his sword, his companions defended themselves with their cutlasses. There was a brief, sharp struggle, but the numbers were too many for them, and they were speedily overpowered and disarmed.

"So! the birds were well trapped," said a voice that Alice knew only too well. "Monsieur le Marquis, I regret to deprive you of the sword you know how to use so well. But necessity knows no law. Have you any messages for home? I shall be there again next week, and shall be happy to give the last news of you."

Claude measured him from head to foot with a glance of the utmost disdain, and turned on his heel without a word of reply. In spite of himself Richard was stung, and his sneering tone changed to one of savage vindictiveness as he exclaimed,

"To Nantes, citizens. And keep a sharp look out. There may be some more of the same sort at hand, and we do not want a rescue."

They filed out of the cave, the prisoners in the midst. With a sharp pang at her heart, Alice noticed the limp that Claude could not entirely disguise. He was going to prison, perhaps to death, yet strange to say this trifling discomfort seemed to strike her more forcibly than the danger she was still too stunned to realize.

The sound of the retreating oars was the first thing that roused her from her stupor. Immoveable with horror she had been an unseen spectator of the scene; had felt her blood run cold at the sound of Richard's voice. Once she made a step forward, but instinct held her back. Her only chance of helping Claude was to keep quiet, and hear where they were sent.

She pressed her hands to her forehead, striving to think. Tiphaine's prediction and promise of help recurred to her mind, only to be dismissed impatiently as utter folly. When suddenly she remembered that it was from Richard's room she had met her coming. She had then some connection with the Republicans, probably some influence over them. It was a chance at any rate, a faint one, perhaps, but a drowning man will catch at a straw, and it was a relief to be doing something. Hastily she retraced her steps. As she stepped into the room where she had so lately parted from Claude, a great sob rose in her throat, but she choked it down. This was not the time to give way. The moon was still bright; she would have no difficulty in finding her way. Going into the hall, she took down a great shawl and enveloped herself in it; then, letting herself out by the window of the salon, hurried across the terrace and down the garden steps. She opened the little postern gate through which Tiphaine had brought her back years ago, and stepped into the high-road. It was a strange position and a strange hour for a delicately brought up young lady. But a hardy, vigorous blood stirred in Alice's veins, and her perfect health made her a stranger to nerves and fancies. She was urged onward by the love that casteth out fear. Through the lanes she sped, by damp morasses noisy with croaking frogs, and under the dark, silent trees of the forest, whose close shade the moonlight failed to pierce, and she almost guessed her way, until at last she emerged on the wide moor. Before her rose the menhir, lovely, solemn, majestic, and at its foot nestled the little cottage she had been told to seek.

Pause, Alice, while there is yet time, ere your foot crosses that threshold. If you could guess what revelation awaits you behind that closed door, perchance you would turn away, and trust to your own brave heart for the means of freeing the one you love so well. But no inward warning arrests the girl at this crisis in her fate. She only remembers that

her brother is in danger, and that here lies perhaps the sole chance of saving him. The Rubicon is crossed: she has opened the door.

CHAPTER IX.

"Yet give one kiss to thy mother dear,

Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."

"O mother! mother! mother!" she said,

"So strange it seems to me!"

(Lady Clare.)

THE moment had come of which Tiphaine had dreamt for years, yet now that it had actually arrived, she would fain have delayed it a little longer. All sorts of fears and hesitation beset her. If instead of the love she had so longed for, she should be met by scorn and aversion!

But it was too late to retreat: Alice had advanced into the room. In her singleness of purpose she noticed nothing, thought of nothing but the errand which had brought her there.

"I have come," she said, "to remind you of your promise."

Tiphaine made no answer; she did not seem to have heard. Her eyes were fixed on the young girl. Alice had dropped her shawl, and stood out in the rich simplicity of her evening dress. Jewels sparkled in her ears; a row of soft white pearls clasped her round throat. Her silk dress rustled as she moved; her hands, shapely and delicately white, unroughened by work, peeped out from ruffles of cloudy lace. It was a dazzling vision in that dark, gloomy cottage. She wore it with the utmost unconsciousness; it was the dress she was accustomed to wear at home every evening, for the fond eyes that loved to see her looking fair. But the sight fell like lead on the mother's heart.

A little surprised at her silence, Alice spoke again.

"You know what has happened? You knew it, did you not, that day when you warned me that trouble was coming to me?"

Tiphaine shook her head.

"I knew nothing but what I read in your face. But tell me all."

Alice sat down. She was weary, for she had come a long way, and the excitement that had upheld her hitherto was

beginning to die out. As clearly and briefly as she could, she went through the events of the evening. Tiphaine heard her in silence, without a word of comment. As the young girl concluded, she sprang to her feet.

"And what is it to you?" she cried, flinging out her hand with a superb, passionate gesture. "Leave these aristocrats to their fate! You are a child of the people."

Alice rose in alarm. Had she suddenly gone mad?

"Child of my heart!" exclaimed the other, "I read your thought in your eyes. No, it is not madness that possesses me. It is the truth that you hear at last. Yet oh! forgive your unhappy mother!"

She flung herself at the girl's feet, and covered her hand with tears and kisses.

"I do not understand," faltered Alice, bewildered.

With a mighty effort Tiphaine controlled herself. She rose to her feet.

"My daughter," she said with a certain dignity—"for you are my daughter, though my words sound to you like folly—I have done you a great wrong. Yet perhaps when you hear the whole you will judge that I am not without excuse."

And then in words simple, but full of pathos, she told her the story of her life. As she went on, the conviction forced itself on Alice that this was no dream of a fevered fancy, no wild fiction of a disordered brain, but the truth indeed. Almost from the beginning she had shaded her face with her hand, that the poor woman whom, with all her own pain, she could not help compassionating, might not read on her features the emotions to which her recital gave rise. And as she heard, it seemed to Alice as though a moral earthquake were taking place within her. Everything that had seemed most solid and real in her life was crumbling away, and she alone was left, forlorn and shivering, in a cold strange world. She did not weep, the horror was too great for tears. Her heart felt numbed and insensible.

Tiphaine ceased; her eyes sought Alice's with a wistful expression, but the young girl made no sign.

"Dost thou doubt me still?" she said. "See here, then, and let thine own eyes convince thee that I speak the truth."

She placed a mirror before her and put her cheek to hers. Alice looked into the glass: line by line and feature by feature she studied with a sinking heart the two faces reflected there.

The resemblance was perfect. Her hair indeed was auburn, while her mother's was raven black, her cheek was of peach-like fairness, and Tiphaine's had the tint of the olive. But in her eyes, those dark eyes that Claude had praised, that the Marquise had wondered at and admired, she bore the very mark and token of the race from which she came. With a stifled groan she dropped the glass, and covered her face with her hands.

There was a dead silence. At last Alice looked up. Her eyes met those of her unhappy mother, and in them she read such an intensity of misery that her heart, bruised and wounded as it was, melted with pity. She put out her hand.

"Mother," she said—and at the word a quiver of joy, so keen it was almost pain, passed over Tiphaine's face—"forgive me. We are both very unfortunate, but after all I think you suffer most."

Tiphaine burst into tears.

"O my child! my angel!" she sobbed. "I have nothing to forgive. It is I who should ask thy pardon."

"No," said Alice steadily. "You could not help it. The temptation was too hard. And now let us speak of it no more. I came to ask something of you. I ask it now with a double right, for it is a debt of gratitude we both have to pay. You will grant it to me?"

"If it costs me my life," returned Tiphaine earnestly. "Speak, my child. What would you have me do?"

"Save my brother Claude," said Alice, clasping her hands.

A shade passed over her mother's face.

"You love him, Alice?"

"More than myself."

"And Richard?"

Alice shuddered.

"Speak not of him!" she exclaimed. "I pray God I may never see his face again."

"Alas, my daughter! And I had hoped that he might restore you all. For he loves you, Alice, with his whole heart."

"Heart!" cried Alice indignantly. "He has none. Have I not seen him with my own eyes betray his brother to his death? God defend me from him and his love!"

Tiphaine was silent. Much as she loved her, she was somewhat afraid of this new-found daughter who, with all her sweetness and generosity, had something of the imperiousness of

a disguised princess. It was not till they began to discuss their plan of action that she regained the ascendancy which belonged to her by right. But here Alice was like a child in her hands. She knew nothing of the world beyond the château in which she had been brought up, and acceded with the greatest docility to all her mother's suggestions. It was arranged that she should meet her at mid-day at the four cross-roads, and that Tiphaine should bring with her a peasant's costume as a disguise. And then Alice rose to go.

She felt weary and spent with the effort she had made over her feelings, to force herself to speak kindly and considerately when waves of shuddering repulsion kept sweeping over her, and her whole being rose up in involuntary disgust against the change she was called upon to make. And after all she had but half succeeded. With a wistful, yearning expression her mother gazed into the beautiful face that with all its enforced gentleness was so terribly cold. Oh! why when her own heart was burning with love could she not impart a little warmth to the one that chilled her with its icy indifference. Yet that very heart was even now crying out with a passionate longing for the dear ones between whom and itself a great gulf seemed fixed. What we sow we shall surely reap, and the child she had abandoned for so many years had no more feeling for her now than for a stranger. With a sigh she released her hand.

Alice stepped out of the cottage into the cold grey light of early dawn. The sun had not yet risen, but the stars were growing pale, and the wide desolate plain looked bleak and dreary in the extreme. She shivered, less with cold than a feeling of utter desolation, and drew her shawl more closely round her. A new day had begun—a type, she thought bitterly, of her new life. She had gone in with her heart, as it had seemed to her then, overwhelmed with sorrow. Yet now how gladly would she have exchanged with the feeling that had possessed her then.

But the light was broadening in the east; she roused herself with a start. There was no time to be lost, and turning her back on the cottage, she hurried back along the way she had come a few hours before—hours in which the whole face of the world had changed for her. She reached the château before any one was stirring, and, safely bolted in her chamber, did her best to obliterate the traces left by that terrible night. But it was not so easy; a sleepless night is enough of itself to work a

woful change in the face of the young, and when to it were added the fatigue and emotions that Alice had undergone it was no wonder that her face looked wan and weary, when she joined her mother (alas! I should have said her supposed mother) in the salon.

Strange to say Madame de Coëtlogon noticed nothing. In the life of the soul, as in the life of nature, there come to us sometimes before great storms seasons of peace in which our warring emotions are lulled to security. Such was the feeling that held Madame de Coëtlogon that morning. Seated by the window, her delicate fingers busy with the pretty work that suited them so well, she talked away to her daughter, unconscious for a time of the wandering nature of her replies. But each time she looked up she caught the girl's eyes fixed on her with a wistful question in them that ended by arousing her attention.

"Well, Alice," she said at last, "what is it? Why do you look at me so?"

Instead of answering Alice came and knelt at her feet.

"Mother," she said earnestly, "do you love me very much?"

"What a question!" said Madame de Coëtlogon, smiling. "Since when have you doubted it?"

"It is a foolish question, is it not?" trying to speak lightly. "Yet answer it, mother dear."

The strange earnestness in her tone struck the Marquise. In spite of herself she was affected by the girl's manner.

"Does not a mother always love her child?" she said more seriously. "They say we always value most what costs us most. You nearly cost me my life, my baby. Perhaps that is one reason why I love thee so well."

A look of pain crossed Alice's face.

"And if I were not your child? If after all these years you were to discover that a mistake had been made, and that I had stolen your love without any right to it. Would you hate me, or would you love me still?"

Her very life seemed to hang on the reply.

"I cannot suppose anything so impossible!" exclaimed Madame de Coëtlogon energetically. "Why, Alice, what has come over you? What has given you such strange ideas?"

Alice sighed and passed her hand over her brow.

"I have been listening to a strange story, mother," she said evasively. "Would you care to hear it?"

"By all means," returned Madame de Coëtlogon, willing to humour her, but wondering much at the strangeness of her mood.

"Many years ago," began Alice "a poor woman was chosen as *nourrice* to the baby of the lady of the castle. The office had always been hereditary in the women of her husband's family, and yet when the choice fell upon her it was considered a great honour, for she was a stranger in the country, and looked down upon by the people round. But she herself was most unwilling to accept it. She would have to part with her own little baby, whom she passionately loved, and to devote herself to another woman's child. But they were very poor, she and her husband; sometimes in the long winter months they had barely enough to eat, and now there would be another mouth to feed. The pension for the child was a high one, and hereafter the foster-mother of the little demoiselle would always have a claim on the liberality of the château. So, urged by her husband, she consented.

"The lady of the castle was very ill, hovering between life and death. Nobody cared much about the poor little baby. The very night of its birth it was handed over to the charge of its nurse, and sent away to her home. It was a poor, delicate little thing; perhaps in any case it would not have lived; anyhow they had scarcely left the castle behind when it died in the nurse's arms.

"She was overwhelmed with horror. There was the loss of the pension, which was serious enough. But this was nothing compared to the fear that she might be suspected of having caused the child's death by her own fault. When she reached home her husband was even more terrified than she was. He nearly went mad with fright, and at last they made up their minds to conceal the death of the child and substitute their own in its place."

Alice paused.

"Go on," said the Marquise, deeply interested. Not a suspicion of the true bearing of the story had crossed her mind.

"At first," resumed Alice, "it did not seem to make much difference. For two years the child was still her own, and she tried to put away as much as possible the thought of the day when she must give it up. But at last the time arrived, and then it seemed to the poor mother that she would rather die than do this thing. Yet at last she forced herself to the point, moved,

not so much by her husband's representations of the danger they would both incur by her refusal as by a certain wild sense of justice. She had profited by her deception all this time: she had no right to draw back from the consequences now.

"She brought the child to the castle and went away. The little girl grew up," and Alice's eyes filled with tears, "in the happiest home, I think, that ever fell to a child's lot. Her supposed mother—but no," breaking off—"I cannot tell you all that that mother was. The sweetest, kindest, best"—her voice failed her.

"Alice, my darling," cried the Marquise in alarm. What is the matter?"

"Nothing, mother," brushing away her tears and striving to steady her voice. "Do not mind me. The little girl, then, grew up without a thought, a suspicion that she was other than what she seemed. And then one day, when she had reached the age of womanhood, and could understand and realize what it meant, the terrible revelation burst upon her. Mother, can you guess what she felt? The mother, the sweet lovely mother she had so idolized was nothing to her. She had not the slightest claim upon her. All the love which ought to have been the dead baby's, she, the intruder, had stolen. And what would the mother say when she learned the truth? Would she turn from her in anger and loathing, or would she pity the unhappy heart-broken girl, and care for her a little still? What would you have done, mother? Think it was me—put me in the place of the girl—and say, would you love me still?"

"Always and ever, my darling, my best-beloved child!" cried the Marquise, completely carried away.

Alice started up.

"Heaven's blessing on you, mother darling, for that word! I am that unhappy girl!"

"Alice, my child! my own! what madness is this?"

"No madness, alas! but sober truth. I am the daughter of Tiphaine la Fée!"

Reviews.

I.—THE PRACTICE OF HUMILITY.¹

AMONG the various gifts that the Catholic world has received from the hand of her Sovereign Pontiff, is a book which, though small in size, is nevertheless a great treasure of sanctity. It is a treatise on *The Practice of Humility* consisting of sixty-nine sections, each of which is a priceless jewel. It was written when the Holy Father was Archbishop of Perugia, and explains to us in great measure the world-wide influence that he exercises by the universal testimony to his personal holiness, and the respect that he earns from all who are brought into contact with him. No one could write so beautifully on humility unless he were himself thoroughly humble, and no one can be thoroughly humble without being a very dear friend of God, without receiving the testimony of His Divine friendship in the shape of graces fitting him for the office to which God calls him, and for the influence which God intends him to exercise. When this office is that of Vicar of Christ, and when the influence to be exercised extends to the whole of the civilized world, and no small part of the uncivilized, we cannot be surprised if our present Pope is adorned with signal graces, and with a power which even his enemies acknowledge and admire.

Probably this little book will be already familiar to many of our readers in Italian or French, but there will be many more who will be glad to read it in their native tongue. To this latter class we can strongly recommend Father Jerome Vaughan's careful and classical translation. It was made with the special permission and blessing of His Holiness, and has prefixed to it a portrait of the Pope taken five-and-forty

¹ *The Practice of Humility.* A treatise, composed by our Holy Father, Pope Leo the Thirteenth. Translated from the Italian by Dom Joseph Jerome Vaughan, O.S.B. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd. New York: Catholic Publication Society Company, 1888.

years ago. Our best recommendation of the book will be one or two short extracts. For instance, addressing one who is inclined to be faint-hearted, and to fear the effort that will be required before humility can be reached, the Pope says :

Of a truth I assure thee, that all the bitterness thou shalt find at the outset, will very quickly be changed into ineffable sweetness and heavenly consolations.

A holy perseverance in these exercises will free thee from a thousand torments of soul, and will infuse into thy heart so much peace and tranquillity that thou shalt enjoy a foretaste of that eternal happiness which God hath prepared in Heaven for His faithful servants.

If, through cowardice, thou dost give up practising the necessary means to become truly humble, thou shalt always feel dejected, disquieted, discontented, and intolerable to thyself, if not also to others ; and what is of greater consequence, thou wilt incur a great risk of being lost eternally.

It is certain, at all events, that the gate of perfection will be closed against thee, there being no other door by which thou canst enter save that of humility. (pp. 94, 95.)

The following again is invaluable advice :

Busy not thyself in the least about things which do not in any way concern thee, and of which thou art not called upon to give an account either to God or to man.

For meddling comes of secret pride and from a vain presumption of one's self ; it nourishes and increases vanity, and begets an infinite host of troubles, worries, and distractions : whereas, by attending to one's self alone and to one's own duties, a man will find a fountain of peace and tranquillity, according to that beautiful saying of the *Imitation of Christ* : "Neither busy thyself with things not committed to thy care, and thus may it be brought about that thou shalt be little or seldom disturbed." (pp. 40, 41.)

The book closes with a sermon of St. Augustine on humility, and a number of thoughts culled from various saints and ascetical writers on the same subject.

2.—THE LIFE AND GLORIES OF ST. JOSEPH.¹

A new book about St. Joseph is always a welcome gift, and especially one so full of holy thoughts and valuable information as Mr. Healy Thompson's handsome and copious volume on the

¹ *The Life and Glories of St. Joseph.* By Edward Healy Thompson, M.A. London : Burns and Oates, Limited. Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son, 1888.

Life and Glories of Mary's holy spouse. We should be inclined to call it an exhaustive treatise, were it possible ever to exhaust what may be said in praise of St. Joseph, or learnt from his spotless sanctity; but we may say that no important point has been passed over in the history of his Life, and in the description of his virtues on earth and his glory in Heaven.

After one or two preliminary chapters, pointing out St. Joseph's place in the history of the Incarnation, and the anticipation of his work and office in the history of the Patriarchs of the Old Testament, the life of the Saint is traced from his conception in the womb. We are told that some theologians have assigned to him a share in Mary's privilege of being conceived immaculate. But such an opinion has no weight or authority, and is scarcely compatible with the Church's teaching that Mary's is a *singular* privilege. The opinion that he was sanctified in his mother's womb has high probability. It is not likely that a favour would have been granted to St. John the Baptist (and, as it is said, to Jeremias) that was denied to the foster-father of Jesus. The declaration of our Lord, that "There hath not arisen among those that are born of women a greater than John the Baptist,"¹ is explained by our author, and we believe rightly, as one that is greater in his prophetic office, and does not exclude the higher holiness of St. Joseph.

We cannot attempt to follow Mr. Healy Thompson through the chapters in which he dwells with tender devotion on the various scenes in St. Joseph's life, and the virtues that they manifest in him, or to the discussion of a hundred interesting points that he raises. To the question, what was the age of St. Joseph at the time of his espousals to our Lady, he answers that he was probably in the full strength of his vigorous manhood. To suppose him quite old seems very unsuitable and unlikely. The most ancient monuments, on the contrary, represent him as quite young and beardless. Mr. Thompson suggests that painters have clothed him with a beard to add dignity to his supposed maturity, and that they represent him as advanced in life to convey the idea of prudence, wisdom, and matured holiness. The arguments for a real paternity on the part of

¹ We observe that Mr. Thompson, like most who explain this text, gives what is at least the most probable meaning of the latter portion of the verse. The word, "Yet he that is lesser in the Kingdom of Heaven is greater than he," refer to our Blessed Lord Himself. *Qui minor est*, means He who is lesser in the opinion of the Jews, and after him in point of time. Here the comparative *minor* would have no force. The whole passage becomes obscure and unintelligible, on any other explanation.

St. Joseph, and for the literal meaning of the words of our Lady, "Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing," are excellently put. St. Joseph was our Lord's earthly father, as chosen by Him to that position. He had the rights of a father. In forming the Body of our Lord, the Holy Spirit had before Him the features and form of St. Joseph as a sort of exemplary cause,¹ and so corroborated the popular belief that Christ was the son of Joseph. To be father of Christ was a privilege earned by the Saint's virginity and spotless life, and by his subsequent love and care of his Divine foster-Child.

The Flight into Egypt Mr. Thompson places immediately after the Purification, and to have taken place, as tradition asserts, from Bethlehem, not from Nazareth, and we are inclined to agree with him, as we also are in his assertion that the death of the Saint took place at Nazareth *before* the beginning of our Lord's Ministry (not, as St. Bonaventure thinks, soon after it). Of the assumption of St. Joseph's body into Heaven as morally certain, there is a good deal in favour of such a belief—authority of theologians, the fitness of things, and the negative evidence of the absence of any relics of the Saint. But we cannot assent to the argument deduced from the resurrection of the bodies of the saints at the time of our Lord's Death. Mr. Thompson infers, from an expression of St. Thomas, that their bodies did not return to their tombs, but there is no sufficient ground in the Angelic Doctor's words for such a conclusion, which would make not only St. Joseph's, but a number of the Old Testament Saints anticipate our Lady's assumption.

We rejoice to read of the *cultus* of St. Joseph in early times, and with a short quotation on this point will conclude our notice of this most interesting and instructive book :

In the East especially we meet with proofs that devotion to St. Joseph was cherished from the earliest, that is, from Apostolic times, and many traditions of him were current in these regions. Papebrock, one of the continuators of the Bollandists, says that St. Joseph was honoured among the Copts, or Egyptians, and his feast kept in the primitive ages of Christianity, even *before* the time of St. Athanasius, that is, in the beginning of the fourth century. . . . In Syria and Persia also we find traces of early honour paid to

¹ In p. 212, Mr. Thompson uses the word "ideal cause" of St. Joseph's co-operation in the formation of our Lord's Body, a word likely to mislead in its ordinary English acceptance.

St. Joseph; and in the Greek Church his cultus is confessedly very ancient, for we have monuments of it from the time of Constantine the Great, and even earlier still. Martorelli says, "The site of an ancient oratory dedicated to St. Joseph is still pointed out on the slope of the hill between the Grotto of Milk and the great Church of the Holy Crib, afterwards built by St. Helen, mother of Constantine." In that sumptuous basilica, as Nicephorus Callistus testifies in his *Ecclesiastical History* (quoted by Martorelli), was a magnificent chapel, or oratory, sacred to St. Joseph. In several of the Eastern menologies we find mention of St. Joseph. Thus in the menology of the Greeks, published by Cardinal Sirleto, we find these words on the 26th of December: "The celebrity, or solemn memory, of Our Holy Lady Mother of God, the Ever-Virgin Mary, and of the holy and just Joseph, her spouse." (pp. 449, 450.)

All clients of St. Joseph will thank Mr. Thompson for his pious labour of love, and we feel sure that the Great Patriarch himself will not be forgetful of one who has contributed not a little to his honour.

3.—MORAL PHILOSOPHY.¹

Not so many years have passed since it was the fashion in this country to condemn philosophical studies as useless and unintelligible. But times have changed in this respect as in others. England has come round to take a keen interest in this very subject, as is witnessed by the quantity of books dealing with it which continue to issue from the press. This revulsion of feeling was inevitable as soon as the reign of superficiality had begun to wane. Philosophy lies at the root of all our ideas and all our beliefs. We cannot be thorough unless we grapple with its problems. But if philosophy is required, it is still more important that the philosophy should be sound. An unsound philosophy cannot fail to intensify the evils which a sound philosophy is ordained to remove. And here has been and is our great difficulty. The philosophy to which English thought has given birth has proceeded on false lines and is radically unsound. It is in reality quite incompatible with the Catholic faith, and indeed with any form of Christianity which is approximately reasonable and worth having. As long as society was content to go without philosophy, this was an incompatibility which lay dormant; but with the revival of

¹ *Manuals of Catholic Philosophy. Moral Philosophy, or Ethics and Natural Law.* By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. Longmans, Green, and Co., 1888.

philosophical interest, it has come to be more and more clearly recognized with the fatal results which are patent to every one who considers. On the other hand, there is a philosophy in harmony with the pronouncements of our holy religion. It has been studied and evolved with immense labour and talent in the schools of the Catholic Church, and it fearlessly challenges examination into its soundness and its harmony with the light of human reason. But its challenge is impeded by grave though adventitious difficulties. Philosophy, like other subjects, and more than other subjects, requires a terminology of its own with which to stamp and preserve its conceptions and distinctions. Such a language it has elaborated for itself in the course of ages, and a magnificent language it is, magnificent, that is to say, in its attainment of the purpose to which all true language aspires, its capability of giving an exact scientific expression to the minutest shades of thought. But the philosophical terminology is in Latin, and is based on the peculiarities of Latin formation and construction. How is it to be rendered into the vernacular? Here is the difficulty which has so much impeded the efforts of Catholic writers to introduce the English reader to the philosophy of the schools. The English language bears the impress of the unsound thought of which through generations it has been made the vehicle. Any attempt to graft upon it the terminology of the scholastics will find it hard to escape the charge of barbarism; whilst, on the other hand, to sacrifice the terminology is to sacrifice the thought which without it can scarcely be accurately grasped, or at least retained. The problem is difficult, but not impossible, and the *Manuals of Catholic Philosophy*, to the first of which we have to call attention, is the outcome of a growing feeling that it is a problem which must be seriously undertaken.

Father Joseph Rickaby has chosen "Moral Philosophy" for his subject-matter. As he tells us in the Preface, the book "embodies the substance of a course delivered for eight years in succession to the scholastics of the Society of Jesus at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst." If to these eight years the further years occupied in the composition is added, the book can claim to have passed through the Horatian ordeal, *Nonum prematur in annum*, and certainly it bears the marks of careful and prolonged reflection. Any commendation pronounced by THE MONTH on a book hailing from a quarter to which it is so nearly related, may perhaps be held suspect; but we may be

allowed to predict that Father Rickaby's style of exposition will be found singularly clear and fresh, and his power of elucidating the bearing of an abstruse thought by some historical illustrations singularly happy. It should be specified also as one of the features in the book, that it keeps close on the track of Aristotle, and is careful to expound his pregnant but perplexing epigrams.

Moral Philosophy, as taught in the Catholic schools, consists of two parts, Ethics and Natural Law. Ethics is concerned with the conception of obligation in itself; Natural Law with its application to the various relations of human life. On the field of Ethics Father Joseph Rickaby comes into conflict with the rival schools which divide the students of Non-Catholic Philosophy, Utilitarianism, and System of Independent Morality. The former, as we know, refers to the moral quality of human actions, to their bearing on the Happiness of the Individual or of Society; they are good or bad in proportion as they are calculated to produce or impede the attainment of human happiness. The System of Independent Morality scarcely concerns itself with the objective causes of moral distinctions, but it refers their acknowledgment to the pronouncements of an alleged moral sense which is not the intellect, and which is blind in its operation. The defects of these opposing systems are obvious. Utilitarianism, besides the inherent contradiction which it involves by reason of the frequent conflict between the happiness of the individual and the happiness of others, besides its opposition to the irresistible consciousness that the grounds of distinction which it assigns are not those instinctively felt, is further compelled to leave out of the account factors which are manifestly influential. Thus it is constrained to disregard as of no account the motive by which the action is prompted, since the resultant harm follows the action itself and is neither increased nor lessened by the presence or absence of an internal motive. Utilitarianism, in short, deprives morality of its lofty dignity. The opposite system is not so debasing, but still it does in reality lower morality beneath its exalted condition. It is disguised emotionalism, and, as Father Rickaby forcibly puts it:

Most of all we emphatically protest against any blind power being credited as the organ of morality. We cannot accept for our theory of morals, that everything is right which warms the breast with a glow of enthusiasm, and all those actions wrong, at which emotional people are

prone to cry out, *dreadful, shocking*. We cannot accept emotions for our arbitrators, where it most concerns reasonable beings to have what the Apostle calls "enlightened eyes of the heart," "that we may know to refuse the evil and to choose the good." . . . A subjective and emotional standard of right and wrong is as treacherous and untrustworthy as the emotional justification of those good people, who come of a sudden to "feel themselves converted." (p. 141.)

Father Rickaby himself, as a disciple of the Schoolmen, follows their *via media*. Moral judgments are judgments of the intellect, exactly in the same way as those which relate to purely speculative matter. Like them they subdivide themselves into those that are primary and self-evident, and those which are secondary and deduced from the first as from premisses by a reasoned process. In each case, also, the subject-matter is drawn from the necessary relation of things as exhibited through the senses and apprehended by the intellect. These are exhibited to the mind through the senses as the result of observation, and the mind perceives that out of them arise certain necessary requirements forming the moral order. Just as the child perceives the proposition, "two straight lines cannot enclose a space," to be self-evident as soon as he is shown what straight lines are, so he perceives the proposition, "children must not steal," to be self-evident as soon as he is shown what stealing is. Again, just as the conclusion of the forty-seventh proposition in the First Book of Euclid is deduced by syllogistic reasoning from the self-evident geometrical premisses, so is the unlawfulness of usury (properly so called, and not reasonable interest) deducible from the self-evident moral axiom, "Thou shalt not steal." If the feeling attendant on moral perceptions is absent from those which are purely speculative, this does not affect the essence of the perception, but is merely incidental.

Moral judgments have emotions to wait upon them, speculative judgments have not. Speculative judgments pass like the philosophers that write them down, unheeded in the quiet of their studies. But moral judgments are rulers of the commonwealth: they are risen to as they go by, with majesty preceding and cares coming after. Their presence awakens in us certain emotions, conflicts of passion, as we think of the good that we should do, but have not done, or of the evil that goes unremedied and unatoned for. Commonly a man cannot contemplate his duty, a difficult or an unfulfilled duty especially, without a certain emotion, very otherwise than as he views the axioms of mathematics. There is a great difference emotionally, but intellectually

the two sets of principles, speculative and moral, are held alike as necessary truths, and truths that not only are, but must be, and cannot be otherwise (p. 138.)

Such are the lines on which the treatment in the book before us runs. We trust it will have readers not only among young students, to whom its name of *Manual* may seem especially to address it, but among educated Catholics generally. They will find clear, and as far as the subject permits, easy instruction on a number of moral questions which they hear canvassed—on Probabilism, Equivocation, Vindictive Punishment, so-called Rights of Animals, Rights of Property, the Origin of the State, and such like. And they will find how reasonable are the philosophical tenets on these subjects of the theologians of the Catholic Church.

4.—THE LIFE OF LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.¹

Of all species of literary compositions perhaps biography is the most delightful. The attention concentrated on one individual gives an unity to the materials of which it is composed, which is wanting in general history. The train of incidents through which it conducts the reader suggests to his imagination a multitude of analogies and comparisons, and while he is following the course of events which mark the life of the person who is the subject of the narrative, he is insensibly compelled to take a retrospect of his own.

Several admirable works of this nature have lately been given to the Catholic public: the *Lives* of Mr. Hope Scott, that of Henrietta Kerr, and of Clare Vaughan, will be fresh in the recollection of our readers. But we venture to think that none will exceed in interest the biography which is now before us—none will afford so valuable an example to women living in the world—none will give more practical help to those who would imitate her, at however humble a distance. For Lady Georgiana Fullerton was a saint in the true sense of the term—that is, that during the last thirty years at any rate, every hour of her life was spent in striving to promote the glory of God and the salvation of souls, to the sacrifice of all ease, comfort, or selfish enjoyment, and in constant union of her own will with that of God.

¹ *The Life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton.* From the French of Mrs. Augustus Craven. By H. J. Coleridge. London: Bentley and Son.

Lady Georgiana was born in 1812, at Tixall in Staffordshire, and a short memoir of the early years of her life, written by herself for a Catholic friend, gives us a graphic picture of her childhood and girlhood in a happy home, with a mother whom she adored to the last hour of her life, and with a sister and brothers for whom she ever felt the tenderest love and affection. The only thing that marred her happiness as a girl was the character of her governess, a severe, narrow-minded woman who did not in the least understand her pupil's character, and caused her much unnecessary sorrow. Lord and Lady Granville being always in high official positions, could not occupy themselves with their children as people in a more private life might have done; so that till Georgiana "came out," as the saying is, she was more or less at the mercy of this woman. The marvellous thing, as Father Coleridge remarks, is the way in which Georgiana's truly generous soul seemed to forget all she had made her suffer; so that the hated governess became later on one of her most trusted and confidential correspondents.

The year 1830 was a very happy one to her, being spent in England among all her English relations, from whom her father's official position had separated her until then. In May 1831 they returned to the French Embassy and then began two years of Paris life, which she enjoyed with all the zest natural to her age and position, without, however, ever giving herself up to real frivolity.

Then came the first great epoch in her life—her marriage to Mr. Fullerton, which took place at Paris on July 13, 1833. She wrote a few months later of this union: "I don't think there is happiness on earth equal to mine. I love him in a way which makes me tremble, for he is all I have in the world."

This joy was crowned by the birth of a son in 1834, when she was twenty-one years of age. The first years of her married life were spent under the parents' roof in Paris, according to their earnest wish: but she made frequent journeys to England and Italy with her husband, and in one of the latter she became initiated for the first time into what is called real Catholic life. All converts will understand what she then experienced: the pleasure and surprise of finding religion "not a Sunday dress but an every day garment" as a Catholic once quaintly said to us. She had been tormented by doubts sown in her mind by some writings of Shelley's, when one of these new Catholic friends gave her St. Francis of Sales'

Introduction to a Devout Life, the first Catholic book she had ever possessed, which at once dissipated her troublesome thoughts and brought back light into her soul. From that moment her interest in Catholic things went on increasing. In 1840 her eldest brother, Lord Leveson, married a Catholic, the widow of Sir Richard Aston, and when she returned to Paris she went constantly to hear the great French preachers, not from curiosity only, but really to listen to their teaching. She began also to do several secret works of charity, especially towards those who had known better days. This first put it into her head to write for money so as to increase her means of helping them. She secretly sent a little English poem to Bentley called the "Blind girl of Castel Ceuillé," and to her great delight received twelve guineas for it. Then Mr. Bentley advised her to try prose, and a memorandum in her own handwriting on his letter shows how ready she was to take his advice: "That day I began *Ellen Middleton*."

In 1841 Lord Granville gave up the Paris Embassy and Lady Georgiana left the home to which she had been so strongly attached. A beautiful little poem of hers on the subject has been inserted by Father Coleridge. During that year she travelled about on the Riviera, in Italy, and in Germany, and finally settled in November, 1842, at Rome, all the time carrying on her literary work, which, in reality, absorbed her, though she never spoke of it, and wrote at all sorts of odd times and moments, without being in any way distracted by her surroundings. It does not appear that Rome attracted her in the Catholic sense that year; but for her husband it was different. He had found at Rome an old friend, Vicomte Théodore de Bussiére, who had been *attaché* to Prince Talleyrand, and whose piety and faith had been vividly enkindled by the recent conversion of Alphonse Ratisbonne. "He was a man of large and varied information, quite capable of directing the inquiries of his friend." The end of it was that Mr. Fullerton was received into the Church by the Père de Villefort on April 23, 1843, and only revealed the steps he had taken to his wife on rejoining her at Florence a few days later. Father Coleridge says: "It is impossible to describe the effect of it on Lady Georgiana: it was an inexpressible mixture of joy and agony." But it was also the logical conclusion of all her own doubts and surmises. "She was yet to be long on the way; but she no longer delayed to look forward to the end and to move towards it firmly and faithfully."

At the beginning of 1844 her first great literary work, *Ellen Middleton*, appeared, and we venture to think that it is the best thing she ever wrote from a purely literary point of view. She had chosen for her judges Lord Brougham and Mr. Charles Greville, and their letters and criticisms on the subject form one of the most interesting parts of the book.

But all this time a still more important work was going on in her mind—the question of her conversion to the Catholic Church. From the moment she arrived in London she had put herself under a course of religious instruction given her by a venerable Jesuit, Father James Brownbill, who also a little later received into the Church Archdeacon (now Cardinal) Manning, and Mr. James Hope. An amusing anecdote is given of the last struggle of Protestantism in her mind, and the quaint answer by which it was dispelled. “I am come to tell you, Father, that I have changed my mind,” she exclaimed one day. “I no longer think as I did yesterday, and decidedly it is not into the Catholic Church that I wish to enter.” Father Brownbill was silent for a few moments, and then said quietly: “And what is the Church, then, that you intend to enter?”

This reminds one of a similar speech uttered last year by a Cardinal in Rome with whom an American lady had been dining. She was taking her leave, when he simply asked her, “Where she was going?” “To the American Church?” she replied. “*And what are you going to do there?*” he quietly asked, giving her his blessing at the same time, with a penetrating glance. She said nothing, but went home; and all the night the Cardinal’s words came back to her again and again, for she had been for months halting between two opinions. The result was that the very next morning she went and was received into the Catholic Church. The same blessing attended Father Brownbill’s question, and Lady Georgiana was received on March 19, 1846. The peace she found in the certainty of faith has been experienced by so many who have had the courage to take a similar step, that we need not dwell upon it here. “I feel like a little bird in a safe, warm, nest” was said to us only a few weeks ago by one who had not yet lost all to buy this pearl of great price. And in truth, as Father Coleridge says, “it is not a peace which has no pain or sacrifice;” but it is to be *for ever* “free from doubt.”

The conversion of Lady Georgiana changed nothing in her relations with her family. It was true that she had the support

of her husband's convictions and the generally acknowledged axiom among English people: "That the wife should be of the same religion as her husband." But no sooner had she really become a member of the Church than her inner life was altogether changed and she obeyed the command of the Père Monsabré, *ascende superius*, to an extent which we think few converts have attained, living, as she did in the world, and at that time in a large and fashionable Protestant circle. She seems indeed to have been admirably directed during that difficult time and advised not to change her "daily routine of life," but only to look upon it as "a fixed rule of obedience to God." The doctrine of "intention" also, and the "offering up of every action in the day," things utterly unknown to Protestants—must have helped her greatly in her new path. It was in 1847 that her new work, *Grantley Manor*, was published—the first which had appeared since her conversion, and "in which she had purposely chosen a plot which had enabled her to show her faith openly." Yet it was even better received by a Protestant public than *Ellen Middleton*, and nothing could be more enthusiastic than the praises bestowed upon it by her family and friends. There is a very beautiful passage at the opening of this tale on the virtues of the poor, in which Lady Georgiana expressed all the thoughts that were uppermost in her heart. Her next novel, *Ladybird*, was perhaps not quite so successful, but has also to our thinking a peculiar charm. The year 1848, however, was filled with stirring events which absorbed her literary interests in political ones. The Revolution in France and the escape of the Royal Family to England, whom she had known so well in Paris, stirred up the warmest feelings in Lady Georgiana's heart and she did all that was in her power to comfort the poor Queen on her arrival at Claremont.

Mr. Fullerton and Lady Georgiana passed the last months of the year 1848 at St. Anne's Hill, which they rented from Lord and Lady Holland; but in 1850 they took a place at Midgham, where she at once opened a little Catholic school and devoted herself to her poorer neighbours. The year 1851 found them once more abroad: first at Paris, then at Pau, and so on, by Toulouse and Montpellier, to Italy. "Rome," as Father Coleridge writes, "was then a new city to her, and it would be no exaggeration to say that henceforth she never left it without feeling a sinking of heart like that with which those who are fondest of their homes quit them." A great writer has

said that he found "Rome was the only place where one could do without happiness," so much is there in it to occupy both heart and soul and to console the saddest life. "In no other place in the world is the presence of an atmosphere of supernatural truth more evident." It is needless to say with what fervour Lady Georgiana visited all the sanctuaries, shared in all the glorious services, and became acquainted with that delightful Roman society which is as a sealed book to all but those who are alive in faith : but where the truest sympathy and the warmest hospitality is shown to Catholic pilgrims from all parts of the world to the Eternal City. Her boy also was with her, had regained his health, and was to join his regiment the end of the year. The promise of his childhood had been fully realized, and he was all that his mother's fondest hopes could desire.

On their return to England they took a place at Wilbury, in Wiltshire ; but she never cared for it. Then came the Crimean War, and the terror lest it should involve the parting from her son. The doctors, however, saved her this sorrow by refusing their consent to his departure. We doubt, however, if the anguish of losing him on the battlefield would have exceeded that which came upon her a few months later, when he died suddenly at Rushmore, Lord Rivers' country home, while she was deprived of the consolation of being with him in his last moments. He died on May 29, 1855. "No amount of years can efface the remembrance of such an hour : and time, which softens all grief, never gave her the power to speak of it." Father Gallwey writes of this terrible sorrow :

The wound of the death of her only child was so deep in her maternal heart, so bitter, so incurable, and above all, so dumb, that one might ask if during the thirty years that succeeded it, one single of her most intimate friends ever dared to mention his name before her. . . . But this great grief was to her the source of new graces and elevated her to a higher sanctity. From that day her soul was absolutely detached from this fleeting world, and all her thoughts were turned towards that country where our God and our Father awaits His children. . . . She never revolted against the good God, who had given him to her and then withdrawn him. On the contrary, she turned her heart more and more towards God, and received, in return, wonderful gifts, a hundred-fold, for the happiness she had lost.

The life thus given to God had henceforth but two great thoughts to rule it : devotion to her husband and to the poor.

Space forbids our giving extracts from the beautiful notes she wrote at that time, and which we hope the readers of this review will study for themselves in the *Life*. In 1856—57 she went with her husband to Rome, and was admitted into the Third Order of St. Francis. On their return they went for a time to a cottage at Slindon, the only place she really cared for, as it was near her great friend, the Duchess of Norfolk. But when that too was given up, she became indifferent as to all places of abode and more and more detached from things of earth. Her literary works were continued without any intermission; for were they not the means of helping her poor? Her works of charity are too well known to our readers to require more than a rapid enumeration here. She first introduced the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul into England, those admirable Sisters whose houses in all our large towns are now the centres of the most efficient of our Catholic works. To her also was due the maintenance of the Immaculate Conception Charity, the foundation of the Hospital Society, the introduction of the Sisters of the Holy Souls in Purgatory, and last, not least, the Institute of the Little Servants of the Most Holy Mother of God. But this was not a tenth of what her charity effected. There was not a Catholic appeal to which she did not give a helping hand, both by her pen and her purse, while as long as she was able, she gave that personal service to the sick and suffering poor, which is of more value than ought else, both in the sight of God and man. Her sympathy was indeed world-wide, and embraced sorrow and pain of every kind and among every class. She indeed was but too well reared in that school: for blow upon blow fell upon her. The sudden deaths of her sister and her brother-in-law within forty-eight hours of each other: the deaths of her four nephews and of her newly-married niece, who was struck by lightning during her honeymoon tour—all these “crosses upon crosses,” as she herself said, only brought her nearer and nearer to Him, who, with the trials, had given her such wonderful strength to bear them. “A friend of hers once said,” writes her niece, Mrs. Oldfield, “that Lady Georgiana only went to the three S’s, the sick, the sorrowful, and the sinful.” Yet she could be bright and merry, and even playful with children and young people, and had nothing in her that was sad or morose. Her winters in 1866—67 were spent on the Riviera, where her name is still a household word. Later on they chose Bournemouth for their

winter residence, and in 1877 Mr. Fullerton bought a house there, where, for the first time, she had the joy and consolation of having the Blessed Sacrament under her roof. But in 1881 the illness began which in four years was to bring this beautiful and holy life to a close. Her last literary work was the *Life of Lady Lothian*, one of her dearest friends, which, alas! she did not live long enough to complete. A beautiful and touching description of the last year but one of her life is given by the pen of Mrs. Craven, who paid her a visit at Ayrfield in the winter of 1883. She describes the wonderful way in which Lady Georgiana concealed her sufferings not to sadden those around her, and shared up to the last in the innocent pleasures of the poor. The Convalescent Home, which she had opened at Bournemouth, was a constant source of interest to her, and the *fête* she gave that Christmas Eve to the poor inmates is touchingly described. The last year was spent in terrible suffering, borne with unflinching patience and even with thankfulness, that God had sent her all this pain to make her more holy and more united to Him. We will conclude with Father Coleridge's own words:

Her state grew worse about the 15th of January, but nothing disturbed the calm and peace of her soul or her clearness of mind. It was on the 19th that the end came. Her eyes were fixed tenderly on the crucifix; her husband, her brothers, and her faithful servants, were by her side, along with the Father, who for so many years had been the guide of her spiritual life. She passed away so quietly that, all the careful attention of those who stood around her could not detect the exact moment at which her soul exchanged the miseries of this life for the endless possession of the Eternal Truth and Light and the Vision of Him to whom she had been so faithfully and entirely devoted.

5.—ON PREACHING.¹

Father Longhayé disclaims the intention to write a book on sacred rhetoric. Such books, he urges, have already been written in sufficient numbers and sufficiently well. We might add that they are seldom able to afford much satisfaction to the reader. Father Longhayé's aim is to direct the preacher to an exact and full conception of his office, to guide his studies

¹ *La Prédication, Grandes Mâitres et Grandes Lois.* Par Le R. P. G. Longhayé, C. de J. Paris: Retaux-Bray, 1888.

into useful channels, and suggest the true methods of propounding his message to the faithful. The book appears to be of exceptional value, one that only requires to be known in order to be prized. The author is a Frenchman and of course addresses himself directly to the French; but there is little which is not equally applicable to English readers.

There are two main divisions, the first being devoted to a study of examples, the latter to the assignment of laws. This is a good arrangement, and at the same time one which is not very common. Preaching is above all things dependent on the concrete form in which it is able to invest its doctrinal message, and the nature of this outer vesture cannot be learned by precept alone. The young cleric must make a study of great models, and Father Longhay, instead of leaving him to conduct his inquiries alone, offers to assist him in the careful study of a few select examples. Those selected are (1), the Prophets of the Old Testament; (2), our Lord; (3), the Apostles, especially St. Paul; (4), St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine among the Fathers, Bossuet and Bourdaloue as the representative of modern times. Of these the first three are the manifest types in which the preacher should endeavour to form himself, although it has to be acknowledged that they are seldom studied from this point of view. Objection might, however, be inconsiderately taken to the exclusiveness which limits the examples taken from the non-inspired ranks to the four who have been named. But the writer explains that he has no intention to depreciate the merits of other preachers, whether patristic or modern, who have acquired a reputation. To deny the merits of an Ambrose among the ancients, of a Massillon or a Lacordaire among the moderns, would be ridiculous. But Father Longhay reminds us that the object in view is not to make a general study of great preachers, but to select suitable types after which the aspirant to the office of preaching may form himself. Such types should be few in number, and should unite in themselves a variety of characteristics which are not so often found together. The four preachers mentioned are declared, and we think rightly, to realize the requisite ideal more completely than any others.

Passing to the study of the Laws of Preaching, the author reduces them all to this one fundamental expression, "To say something to some one." The words may seem trivial, but they are fertile in suggestiveness and in right direction. How often

are they forgotten? "It is in the pulpit," says M. Fèngère, quoted by Father Longhayé, "that it is easiest to talk without saying anything." Even sermons ambitious in theme and brilliant in style are not always exempt from this vice. They have no real message to communicate. They occupy half an hour or an hour of time, and that is all. The counsel "to say something real" cannot be too often or too earnestly considered by the preacher whilst in the thesis of composition. Such consideration will tend to define for him his work, and will of itself suggest thought. "What do they need?" he will ask himself, and it is this which he will endeavour to supply. We have now before us two fields for extended study—the nature of the object and the nature of the audience. They are bound together and interlace. "Something to some one." The "something" must be adapted to "the some one." His circumstances must therefore be borne in mind, his social status, his mental qualities, the ideas, the prejudices, the aspirations, the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, which characterize his age and condition. But Father Longhayé insists on the importance of remembering that besides the temporal and changing element in man, the element which causes him to differ according to his age and his circumstances, there is an eternal element which persists. The preacher would be in a poor plight were it not for this. All ancient models would have to be discarded as useless; and it would be inadvisable to address an audience without having first lived in its midst. Since, however, man is everywhere the same in the fundamental qualities of his nature, the preacher can always rely on these and feel sure that, with a little prudence, he can awake an echo in the hearts of others by interpreting them after the manner of his own.

The object of preaching is the Gospel in all its amplitude. And here an earnest exhortation is given not to abate anything from its entirety. This is a point on which Father Longhayé lays much stress. We live in days when certain aspects of the Faith are highly approved, but others are severely condemned by the general voice. There is in consequence a great temptation to win favour by suppressing the displeasing aspect. But this is intolerable. The commission of the Christian teacher is to preach not only the Gospel but the whole Gospel. Every part of it is equally true, and every part of it has been considered by God needful for the healing of the nations. Let none therefore be suppressed. Nor is such reticence really necessary even

from a human point of view. The writer observes well that there is in the heart of man an innate sympathy with the truth, in virtue of which a rightly-disposed heart will never take scandal at any article of the Faith, provided only it is set forth accurately and to the life. It is the admixture of error found in the popular misconceptions concerning it which gives occasion for scandal. By all means, then, let the preacher endeavour to remove misconceptions and in that sense adapt himself to the prejudices and weaknesses of the age, but he cannot afford to leave out of account any portion of the Faith delivered. The doctrine of Eternal Punishment suggests itself as particularly affected by these principles. It may at times require some courage to preach a sermon on Hell to a fastidious audience. Still it is most important that it should be done. There is indeed no necessity to draw those crude and vivid pictures of intense physical sufferings in which previous generations appear to have delighted. Nevertheless, Hell is a reality. Its torments are physical and they are eternal. All this must be preached faithfully to every class of hearers, for every class needs it. They cannot otherwise be established in holy fear.

These few remarks will perhaps be sufficient to give a general idea of the nature of the work, of the true spirit which pervades it, and the sort of topics which it discusses. Were it not that most of our priests are able to read French with sufficient ease, we should recommend a translation into English. It is a book which should be found invaluable in a priest's library.

6.—A YOUTHFUL HERO.¹

The military career, despite its many dangers, is perhaps the one which of all others—with the exception of the sacerdotal calling—affords the greatest opportunity of usefulness to the disciple of Jesus Christ, who, while working out his own sanctification, is desirous of helping others to fulfil the end of their creation. On reading memoirs such as the one before us, we recognize how vast an influence for good the Christian soldier may exercise around him; we see how one man—or even, as in the present instance, a mere boy—if actuated by

¹ *Lionel Hart.* Par le Père Pierre Pralon, S.J. Paris: Retaux-Bray, 82, Rue Bonaparte, 1888.

supernatural motives, courageous in self-conquest, faithful to duty, can cause religion to be respected throughout a whole regiment. The career of this youthful hero terminated at the age of twenty-one years; but it is not the length of a life, but the amount accomplished in it, which determines its true value.

Lionel Hart, though a Frenchman by birth, was, as his name indicates, of English extraction; his grandfather, a native of Birmingham, having settled in Paris and brought up his family there. The subject of this memoir was born in the Mauritius, where his father held an appointment; he was an affectionate, gentle child, quiet and intelligent, and wonderfully pious in a simple natural way. On his parents migrating to Paris, Lionel and his brothers were sent to the Jesuit school at Vaugirard, where he remained until he was thirteen; the only events of any note during that period being the boy's First Communion, on the occasion of which he evinced the most happy dispositions, and the death of his father, when the light-hearted lad first made acquaintance with sorrow. It is pleasant to read of the prominent place given to religion in his life and affections, for there was nothing sentimental or priggish about him; his was a healthy, virile piety, which did not prevent him, when his school-days were over, from entering into society and taking part in its amusements, though it prevented him from finding satisfaction in the frivolities of the world, or being ensnared by its seductions.

Lionel early abandoned the study of law, to which he at first applied himself; his great wish was to be a soldier, but when he spoke of this to his mother, the extreme aversion she displayed to the military profession induced him out of filial affection generously to renounce his project. Ere long, however, perceiving the pain which the sacrifice cost her son, this excellent and pious mother withdrew her opposition, and in November 1883 Lionel, at the age of nineteen, joyfully enrolled himself under the banner of France.

The circumstance of his birth on an island subject to British rule disqualified him from entering at St. Cyr; he consequently enlisted in the Foreign Legion then serving in Africa. The first trial to his youthful enthusiasm, his ideas of military distinction, arose from the companionship wherein he found himself. We will let him speak for himself, as indeed his judicious biographer allows him to do as far as possible.

It was not until this morning, when I got up (he writes from Algeria), that I found out with what a crew of vagabonds my lot was thrown. I own that my first feeling was one of intolerable disgust. It is no very agreeable sensation to behold oneself the comrade and equal of the dregs of the populace. Imagine the worst offscouring of our French streets, and you will have an idea of the volunteers who have just joined us, dressed in every conceivable manner, or I should rather say *undressed*, for they have parted with every garment which was not utterly worthless. Some have no shirt, others wear trousers that will scarcely hold together, all are dirty and disgusting in the extreme, hideously ugly and ill-favoured, offensively familiar, uncouth and vulgar. But I have now overcome the first feeling of repulsion, for which after all I was quite prepared.

The roll-call of these recruits has been made, and the flower of taverns and haunts of vice showed itself in all its native loveliness. It was most comical to hear their answers. For the most part they knew no French, and answered at random, and as may be supposed, quite irrelevantly. "Where do you come from?" "Twenty years." "What is your age?" "A shoe-black." "Your calling?" "From Wurtemberg." The most disreputable individuals answered in French, they were regular street scamps, who made low jokes, the effrontery of their replies went beyond all bounds. When asked: "How did you get your living?" "In a great many ways. As waiter at a coffee-house, picker-up of cigar-ends, carpenter's apprentice, lawyer's clerk, *claqueur* at the Palais-Royal." . . . One or two belonged to a better class; driven from their country by misery and disgrace, they came to throw in their lot with us. I knew not whether to laugh or weep at the pitiful sight. But I went bravely up to them, and took their dirty paws in my hand. Struck with astonishment at seeing a well-dressed young man mixing with them, they received my advances respectfully, and called me *sir*. But our intercourse was soon placed on a less formal footing. (pp. 104, 105.)

Lionel's letters home furnish a circumstantial and trustworthy account, most interesting to the reader, of his two years of military service. To the petted child of wealthy parents they were years of painful sacrifice, of difficulty and danger, of physical hardship and moral suffering; but never did his courage fail, never did he falter in the discharge of duty. Regular and exact in the performance of every military service, silent under the injustice and insolence of those who were placed over him, patient, self-denying, brave, he remained pure in the midst of temptation, and cheerful in the midst of the most depressing surroundings. Supported by faith, succoured by prayer, strengthened by reliance on the Divine protection,

he was a model to all about him. "My duty to the last!" was his motto, and to it, by the grace of God, he was never unfaithful. On one occasion his loyalty to his calling was put to a severe test. As there was a probability of his regiment being ordered to China, his friends, after long and tedious negotiations, succeeded in obtaining permission for him to revisit France. Lionel was overjoyed: "Thank God," he wrote, "my dream is to be realized. If you knew the delight that fills my heart at the prospect of seeing you all again! This happiness makes the hardest tasks seem easy, I think of it day and night." Alas! at the moment when the much-desired furlough was granted, the order arrived for the Legion to start at once for Tonkin. The choice whether he should accept the former or obey the latter, was left to Lionel; the struggle between affection and duty was sharp, but brief; he valiantly chose to go with his battalion on the unfortunate and inglorious expedition which was to cost France the lives of so many of her sons.

The story of the Franco-Chinese war is a sad one; the mismanagement at head-quarters, the useless waste of life, the unworthy proceedings of the French Government, were enough to damp the enthusiasm of the most patriotic of defenders of their country. Lionel was young and sanguine; his health was good, and his spirits were high, but ever and anon in his journal and letters the depressing influence of disappointment, and the death of so many comrades who fell victims to the insalubrious climate, may be traced. On the whole, however, they are full of hope and courage, of thankfulness and trust in God. Although foremost in every encounter with the enemy, he escaped almost without a scratch; he attributes his almost miraculous preservation to his celestial patroness.

I have taken part in ten engagements, and to prove that I am not invulnerable, I have got a wound on my first finger. God, to whose safe-keeping I commend myself night and morning, has brought me unharmed out of the midst of the most horrible slaughter, where a hundred times over I ran the risk of being cut down. The Immaculate Virgin protects me. Before every encounter which is likely to be serious, in accordance with your wish, I drink a few drops of the water of Lourdes which you sent me, and say a *memorare* with trustful faith. I think this is the reason why the Chinese bullets are impotent against me. Since God has protected me so far, why should I fear for the future?" (p. 220.)

Our youthful hero was already promoted to the rank of quartermaster-serjeant, he had obtained one decoration, and another was promised to him ; he was joyously anticipating his return in a short time to France, not merely on a few months' leave of absence, but to be transferred into a home regiment, when, in the autumn of 1885, he began to experience occasional attacks of an intermittent fever, which rapidly increased, and shortly proved fatal. He gave up his young life in perfect submission to the will of God, troubled only by the thought of the grief his mother would feel, and expired with the sacred names of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph on his lips.

He was buried in the interior of Tonkin, in the French cemetery already peopled with many martyrs, with every mark of respect and affection on the part of the officers and privates of his regiment, by whom his loss was deeply regretted. Lionel's mother could not bear that the remains of her dearly-loved son, thus cut off in the flower of his age, should be left in that un-Christian country, where they might possibly suffer desecration by the Chinese. A former comrade who had left the service volunteered to return to China and bring back the body ; the enterprise was one of peril and almost insuperable difficulty, but by means of prudence, energy, and perseverance, it was successfully accomplished.

It is to be hoped that the influence for good exercised by this exemplary young soldier may not terminate with his life, but that the attractive portrait Father Pralon exhibits to our view may serve not only as a memorial of the dead, but also as a model for the living.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

AS students are aware, St. Thomas wrote rather as a theologian than as a philosopher ; so that the system of his philosophy has to be compiled from his various works, and often from remarks of his that are merely incidental. The task of collecting and arranging his several utterances on philosophic matters was performed as far back as the beginning of the seventeenth century by Father Cosmus Alamannus ; and it is a reprint of his work which Father Ehrle, S.J., is now offering to

the public.¹ Of the two books before us, the first travels over the ground of Pure Logic, the second gives an instalment of the treatise on Physics; and both together make up the first volume. Two more volumes are to follow, of which the first will be devoted to completing the treatise on Physics, while the second will take up the subjects of Ethics and Metaphysics. Throughout, as far as possible, the very words of St. Thomas are given, so that the reader may not only have the sense, but even the form of expression of the original. Further, to facilitate an accurate study of the author's meaning, exact references are given to the places whence the several passages are taken. A work so carefully prepared cannot but be grateful to a student of scholastic philosophy in its most accredited source: and we have reason to be grateful to Father Elirle and his colleague for putting into our hands a new edition of a work that facilitates immeasurably the work both of teachers and learners by supplying ready to his hands extracts and quotations that otherwise have to be hunted for up and down the works of St. Thomas at the cost of a great loss of valuable time.

Nearly half a century has elapsed since the death of Bishop Macdonell, and hitherto no record, except the brief obituary notices of the Catholic journals, has been made of his life and labours. The short memoir now published,² though welcome as a memorial of a well-spent life, is far, as the writer is the first to acknowledge, from doing justice to its subject. The sphere of Bishop Macdonell's usefulness was in Upper Canada, where, by persevering effort, he had obtained grants of land for the Catholic Highlanders who had formed part of the Glengarry Regiment, and were driven by lack of employment in their own country, to emigrate to America. The progress, we may almost say the existence, of religion in that province, is to be ascribed to his exertions. On his arrival in 1804, there were no clergy, no churches, no schools, and what rendered his pastoral labours more arduous, no roads or bridges; often carrying his vestments on his back, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, in rough waggons, or Indian canoes, he travelled about the country to preach the word of God and administer the rites

¹ *Summa Philosophiæ D. Thomæ Aquinatis, ex Variis ejus Libris in Ordinem Cursus Philosophici Accommodata a Cosmo Alamanno, S.J.* Tomi i. Sectio i. Logica; Tomi i. Sectio ii. Physicæ, Pars Prima. Parisiis. Sumptibus et Typis P. Lethellieux.

² *Reminiscences of the late Hon. and Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, First Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada.* Toronto: Williamson and Co., 1888.

of the Church to the widely scattered Catholics. For more than thirty years he devoted himself to the missions of Upper Canada, and when the province was erected into a bishopric, he was appointed its first Bishop, faithfully discharging the duties of this office until his death in 1839.

A Penny Life of St. Dominic³ will be welcome to all lovers of that great Saint. He who was chosen by our Lady to be entrusted with the introduction of the Devotion to the Rosary must indeed have been dear to her Immaculate Heart. He who founded the Order of Preachers conferred a priceless benefit on the Church of God. To them we owe St. Thomas of Aquin, the greatest of all scholastic theologians, to them St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Catherine of Siena, Blessed Albert the Great, and many other Saints and Blessed.

It was once the fashion amongst Protestants to appeal to history as against the claims of Rome, but their appeal is one that tells with fatal effect against themselves. Historians of late have become more thorough and less biassed, and these two changes are altogether in favour of the evidence in favour of the Church. Father Gasquet's book promises to be accepted as a classical work, and Cardinal Manning's article in the *Dublin Review*, reprinted by the Catholic Truth Society,⁴ gives the substance of it in a nutshell.

We have also received from the same Society the reprint of Cardinal Newman's third Lecture on the Present Position of Catholics in England, on *Fable as the Basis of the Protestant View*.⁵ It is a masterpiece of earnest declamation, and the stories and instances illustrating Protestant prejudice are inimitable.

Father Rouvier has published a concise and interesting *Life of St. John Francis Régis, S.J.*,⁶ a saint who is not half as well known as he ought to be. His great work was the combating of vice and heresy in the south of France in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He died at the early age of forty-one, worn out by exposure, hardship, and toil. We hope Father Rouvier's example may be imitated by some English Jesuit, as we feel sure that St. John Francis Régis would be found a very popular biography.

³ *Life of St. Dominic*. London: Gildea, Southampton Road, N.W.

⁴ *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*. By Cardinal Manning. Catholic Truth Society.

⁵ Lectures by John Henry Newman, D.D. No. III. *Fable the Basis of the Protestant View*. Catholic Truth Society.

⁶ *St. Jean-François Régis, de la Compagnie de Jésus*. Par le P. F. Rouvier, S.J. Lille: Desclée.

Mr. Willington's pamphlet⁷ is one of the many summaries of argument by which so many of those who receive the grace of conversion testify their loyal gratitude for the priceless boon they have received. The answers to historical objections are specially good, and give in brief form satisfactory replies to the difficulties that are continually brought by inquiring or disputatious Anglicans.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Up to the present time no one has doubted or denied the tradition which points to St. Peter's in Rome as containing the tomb of the Apostles, but now modern disbelief, desirous to discredit what it cannot disprove, endeavours to dispel the halo attaching to that hallowed spot by questioning the belief of centuries, and arguing away, as far as possible, the authority whereon it rests. The holy places in Palestine alone can compare in importance, both historical and religious, to the resting-place of the Prince of the Apostles, and it therefore becomes necessary to bring forward evidence in support of the tradition. This Father von Hoensbroech does in the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* (August) collecting the literary and archæological witnesses of all ages, the earliest being that of Eusebius. Further proofs will be given in a subsequent article. Father Lehmkuhl, in his remarks in amplification of the Encyclical on human liberty, observes how universal and how ineradicable is the belief in man's free will, and expresses the hope that the admirable description given by the Supreme Pontiff of what liberty is and is not, will enlighten the world at large as to the nature of the false freedom—freedom to do evil—which is unhappily so eagerly claimed and freely exercised. Whether Joan of Arc was an adventuress or a saint, an impostor or a model of Christian virtue, is a question the discussion of which has of late employed the pen of countless writers, and the opinions of the principal authorities on the subject are laid before the readers of the *Stimmen*. It is a curious coincidence that the investigation relative to the process of beatification of the Maid of Orleans should be set on foot by Rome, at the very time when the representatives of Republicanism and Irreligion in France propose a national festival in her honour. The acceptance which

⁷ *Anglicanism and Catholicism*; or, Where is the True Faith? By J. R. Willington, M.A. Leamington: Art and Book Company.

translations of Russian works of fiction have recently met with in France, England, and Germany, lends additional interest to Father Baumgartner's article, in which he glances at the growth and development of Russian literature, and gives a sketch of Nicolaus Gogol, a poet and novelist of great ability, whose works afford an excellent picture of the social life of Russia, and are of a good moral tendency.

In concluding the review of the condemned propositions of Rosmini, the *Katholik* defends the action of the Holy Office; the Italian Liberal Press, ever antagonistic to the Church, having censured the decree not only as arbitrary and unjust, but as inconsistent with the previous decision (*dimittatur*) of the Congregation. This formula is said to imply neither approbation nor prohibition, but a suspension of the verdict; the errors are, moreover, more apparent in Rosmini's later and posthumous works. In another article, Dr. Neteler devotes much pains to demonstrate that the dates assigned by Assyriologists to the events recorded in the Book of Kings are not at variance with the chronology of Scripture, but that, on the contrary, profane and sacred history confirm and complete one another. This is a matter of interest and importance from a religious as well as an historical point of view, since the alleged discrepancy has induced some exegists to express doubt as to the inspiration of the Books in question. The examination of the history of the Theban Legion is continued in the *Katholik*. The truth of the Eucherian narrative is confirmed by the witness of other writers, the silence of contemporary historians with regard to the massacre is explained, and the arguments urged against the existence of a Legion of Theban Christians in the Roman army are satisfactorily answered. A few pages are devoted to the consideration of the rules regulating the administration of Conditional Baptism to converts.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (914), in an article entitled the Impotency of the Revolution, observes that in Italy no less than in France, the Revolution has completely failed to fulfil its promises, and its principles have eventuated in the very reverse of what was intended: the last thirty years having afforded a series of disenchantments both in regard to domestic government and foreign policy. The *Civiltà* once more points out that the object of the Revolution is in reality less of a political than a social nature, for it aims at the subversion of social order by the elimination of Christianity. The opening article of the

following number (915) is on a somewhat similar subject, viz., that all social evils arise from the abandonment of those Christian principles which unite all classes in the bond of charity, and maintain right relations between rich and poor. If faith and hope in a future life be taken away, what wonder if mankind strives at any cost to obtain the greatest amount of material possessions and earthly happiness.

The *Études* for August calls attention to the deplorable character of the books chosen for distribution as prizes in the public schools of France. Not content with banishing Christianity from the class-room, and inculcating in its place anti-religious and materialistic principles, the "Liberals" provide books destructive of faith and morals for the scholars to carry to their homes, to corrupt other members of the family. A list of rewards destined for the primary schools—to be placed in the hands of children under thirteen—are designated as impious and disgusting books, comparable only to mud heaped upon a fire, in order to extinguish every spark of religious feeling. Father Bonniot discusses with his usual ability the nature of animal instinct and its relation to the doctrine of evolution. The existence of this interior law which the animal obeys blindly is not to be satisfactorily explained by the theory of development through natural selection. In the second article on Paul Féval, Father Mercier reviews his principal literary productions. The prominent merits of this astonishingly prolific writer—at one time the most popular novelist of Paris—are truthfulness to local colouring, and the power of exhibiting the good and evil co-existent in one and the same character. Féval excelled in the portrayal of masculine characters; his object was to amuse, but after his conversion he made a careful revision of all his works, suppressing some, and his later novels prove that the composition of a Christian romance is not, as some have declared it to be, an impossibility. A brief mention is made of the Eucharistic Congress of last July, which was productive of much edification by strengthening the courage and raising the hopes of the faithful in these troublous times. The *Études* contains also the first instalment of an essay on the true portraiture of Christ, a subject much dwelt upon by writers on Christian iconography. Father Gaillard has collected a large amount of interesting information, some of which will doubtless be new to the reader.

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